THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889 $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 39

SYMPATHY.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

Sweet sympathy—
Methinks 'twere hard to measure
The outgrowth of thy mighty influence;
That subtle spell, proclaiming kinship, whence
Life wins its purest pleasure.

Making of self
Most full and free surrender,
That so another heart may rest unpained,
Or grief be soothed, or feeble folk sustained
By ministration tender.

Weary our lot
Without thy gentle presence:
As turns the steadfast needle to the pole,
We turn to thee, dear sunshine of the soul,
Of love itself the essence.

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV. (CONTINUED.)

WONDERING, and a little anxious, Cordelia went on to her room; but old Margery was there, deftly brushing up the light feathery wood-ash from the tiled hearth.

"Margery," she said abruptly, "do you know where Miss Redferne is?"

"Miss Rosalie?" queried Margery. "Ain't she come in yet, Miss Cordelia?"

"Come in?" echoed Cordelia. "She did not go out, surely?"

"That she did, Miss Cordelia. I went into her room the best part of an hour ago to look to the fire, and she was just putting on her cloak and hat. I told her that there was more snow coming, belike, and that the day wasn't fit for her to be out in noways, and she looked like a bit of snowflake herself; but she said quick and short that the house choked her, and that she must have some air, and just run out of the room and down-stairs."

"Oh, dear, the silly child—she will make herself ill!" said Cordelia, much distressed. "You should not have let her go, Margery."

Margery, still bending over the hearth, sniffed, and glanced sideways at her mistress with an old expression.

The old woman thought that she should like to see the person who could prevent Miss Redferne from doing precisely as she pleased.

"I wish she had not gone out. How dark it is growing, and the snow is coming down quite fast. I do hope she will come in soon," Cordelia murmured, peering out of the window anxiously.

"Isn't that her, Miss Cordelia, just coming under the archway now?"

Margery had come to the window, and was peering out in her turn.

"Oh, yes," cried Cordelia eagerly, "it is; and how fast she is running! She doesn't like to be out so late alone, I suppose. I am glad she is in safely. I only wish that Dermot were home too. There will be a storm to-night. How the wind is rising!"

Although Cordelia stood with her head bent, listening, she heard no rapid tread of hastening feet upon the turret-stairs. For a moment she wondered, then smiled, remembering that Rosalie must enter by the side-door in the eastern tower.

Of course she had stopped to speak to Durward.

"I only hope he will be sensible enough not to talk to her in that selfish fretful way," thought Cordelia. "He makes even me impatient, and I know it annoys her, poor little thing, as well it may."

And here Cordelia sighed, for, in spite of her superstitions, the fatalistic belief that clouded her life and her intellect, she was too clear-headed and too tender-hearted to feel easy, although all had happened as she had hoped and as she firmly believed it was destined to happen.

Her thoughts as she sat by her wood-fire, slowly brushing out her abundant dark hair, were not upon her own love and her own lover, for whom happiness seemed possible at last, but upon Rosalie—dear little, bright, pretty Rosalie—who had looked, in the morning so woebegone, sad, and broken-hearted.

How odd it was of her to rush out alone into the storm! Miss Musgrave thought, glancing at the white flakes whirling down outside her window.

How long she was staying down there with Durward! It was strange she did not come up-stairs.

Half an hour later Cordelia went slowly down the winding turret stairs, looking like a beautiful pale nun in her pretty velvet gown.

She opened the heavy oaken door and entered the eastern tower. Then she stopped with a sudden start and a terrible scream.

The neglected fire had burnt low upon the hearth, the side door of the turret was flung wide open to the wild storm, the wind blew, the snow was drifting in; and across the threshold, his garments whitened by the feathery flakes, Durward Musgrave was lying in a swoon.

Cordelia's cry was loud and piercing, and in a moment it brought Mr. Braithwaite to her side; while old Dan and Margery, followed by a group of scared domestics, came trooping from the kitchen.

Even Sir Dunston, in his distant study, was roused, and came hurrying in, pale and wondering. Between them they lifted the insensible man and carried him to his room close at hand; but it was a long time before he revived, and, when he did at last open his eyes, he seemed to pass at once from insensibility into a heavy sleep, and neither spoke nor answered when spoken to.

Old Margery remained with him, and out in the hall beyond the others stood, anxious, perplexed, and wondering.

"What could have caused him to faint like that? I thought he was so much better," said Ross Braithwaite, gently forcing Cordelia to sit down in a chair by the great hearth.

"So he was. He walked with me from the breakfast-room here, and I left him sitting down, because he said he must rest a little," she returned. "He was a little peevish and irritable, but not more so than usual, and not excited at all; and he never has these dreadful fainting-fits unless something occurs to annoy him."

"It is very odd," observed Mr. Braithwaite, frowning. "He hasn't been having a row with Dermot, I suppose? They are pretty well given to sparring."

"Oh, no—Dermot is not yet! He has seen no one but Rosalie."

"Did she see him?"

"Oh, yes! Margery and I saw her come in about half an hour ago."

"Come in?" Sir Dunston caught up the words with unusual quickness. "Has that child been out in this storm?"

"Indeed she has! I did not know she had gone until Margery told me; she must have started before it began to snow again. Poor little thing—how this will upset her! And she looked so pale and ill this morning too! I will go and tell her, and make as light of it as I can. Perhaps I shall be able to persuade her not to come down this evening."

As the last trailing fold of Cordelia's dress disappeared through the doorway, the Baronet turned to Ross Braithwaite, speaking with unusual sharpness.

"This is odd somehow, Braithwaite. I don't understand it."

"Odd enough!" the other assented. Indeed, he thought it so odd that he did not know what else to say.

"How strange he looked!" said Sir Dunston, relapsing into his hesitating timid manner of speech. "His face was ghastly—like death itself."

"No, no—not that!" demurred the other gently.

"I hope not—I hope not," Sir Dunston returned, passing his thin hand over his gray hair and lined forehead tremulously. "I—I had hoped for better things, Braithwaite, for all of us, since that child came here. But now somehow, I don't know—I don't know. I fear that there is more trouble in store for White Towers."

"No no, Sir Dunston—don't fancy that." Ross Braithwaite would not for worlds have had the other see that incipient smile upon his face, although his sense of the absurd was touched so acutely. His voice was full, cheerful—its sound comforting. "Your brother will be himself again in the morning let us hope. How does the treatise get on to-day?"

He changed the subject from pure kindness, but his motive might have been artful from the effect it produced. The Baronet's gentle abstracted face brightened; he was diverted in a moment. That learned, beloved heavy treatise, which no one would ever read, which the scientific men whom it was meant to enlighten would laugh at with a good-humored sneer, which one or two scientific papers would annihilate with a faint word of contemptuous praise—how he loved it, reverenced it, believed in it! He spoke irritably, abruptly.

"Not at all—not at all! It is most annoying, provoking. The very day when I wanted him most Gifford is not here."

"Not here?"

"No. I don't know where he is. I have not seen him since breakfast. He is absent without leave. It is unpardonable. What's this?"

Cordelia came in hurriedly, almost ran in, and seized her lover's arm. She was pale, excited, breathless.

"Ross, Rosalie is not in her room; there is no sign of her. Where can she be? What can it mean? Could she—did she go out again?"

She ran to the door and pulled it wide open, he following.

Heedless of the whirl of snow-flakes which drifted in upon her dress and almost blinded her, Cordelia peered out anxiously but could see nothing.

Suddenly she uttered a cry, darted out, and picked up a small black object from its bed of snow.

"Ross, Ross, it is her cap—Rosalie's fur cap!" She held up the little dripping thing in her trembling hands. "She must have gone out again, and dropped it. And look—one of the great gates is swinging open—that is not the way to the park—and they were shut when I saw her come in. Why should she go that way—the way to the dales—the way Dermot went? Oh, Ross, what does it mean?"

"What's that?" cried Ross Braithwaite starting.

A sonorous bark, deep and gruff, followed by another in a loud clear treble, and two black objects darted through the swinging gate; scattering the powdery snow around them—Gurth and Lady.

They rushed into the hall, and stood panting with lolling tongues and quivering bodies. Cordelia screamed.

As Gurth's sharp white fangs seized her skirts and tugged at it, she fell upon her knees and grasped the hair of his shaggy throat with both hands. Blood was upon it, matting the long coarse hair, staining her fingers: from a small wound near the dog's ear blood was trickling.

"He has been stabbed!" gasped Cordelia. "Stabbed, Ross—look! And they were with Dermot. Oh, my boy!" She started to her feet, her figure swayed as though she would faint and fall.

"They came from Dermot"—afterwards Ross always said that he must have been inspired during the next few minutes, he understood so completely what had happened, and knew exactly what to do. "He has met with those smugglers on the Fell, and is hurt perhaps. We must not lose a moment. Call the men!"—he suited the action to the word by shouting loudly himself. "The dogs have come from him—they will guide us."

"But Rosalie!" Cordelia gasped.

Sir Dunston had sunk into a chair; he was overwhelmed, horrified, confused, he could not grasp at all this.

"We shall find her where we find him. In the name of Heaven, quick, men, two lives may hang on it! Cordelia make your brother Durward speak, if he is sensible. He knows something of this." And then Ross left her to hurry the slow movements of the awkward men-servants.

There was a brief period of wild confusion, of loud-voiced excitement and hurry, and then men and dogs were gone, and Cordelia Musgrave was alone by the open door, gazing blankly after the group of receding figures, heedless of the white storm of flakes which whirled furiously about her, dazed bewildered, waiting for what they should bring, and still unconsciously holding the little drenched fur cap tightly in her cold hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

Snow covered the landscape from the crest of Scaw Fell to the rugged boulder strewn path which led downward to the cliff road—everything was glittering, dazzling: the dales were shrouded in a snowy mantle, the voice of the little rippling beck at the foot of the Scaw was hushed, for its waters were locked in ice. From the pure sheen of the spotless drifts White Towers rose grim and blackened by contrast.

Snow and nothing but snow—beautiful, treacherous, terrible—as far as the eye could reach.

By the narrow window of her turret-room in the eastern tower Cordelia Musgrave was standing, a look of even deeper melancholy than usual upon her pensive face. Tears filled her dark eyes, hung upon her lashes, fell upon the sombre crape she wore—the heavy sorrowful robe of mourning. A life had ebbed away at White Towers with the last failing breath of the dying year.

A slight motion was audible in the room—a gentle movement and a fluttering sigh—and Cordelia turned from the window, brushing her hand across her eyes as she approached the great tapestried bed. There white, weak, looking delicate and fragile as a snowdrop, with great lustrous blue eyes looking upward from the tangles of golden hair which surrounded the little wan face, Rosalie Redferne was lying, colorless as the very snow itself. Gently Cordelia bent down and kissed her.

"You are better to-day, darling. That sleep has done you good. You feel stronger, don't you?"

"Yes—I think so." But there was little enough to bear out the idea of strength in the little thin hand which she raised to push the hair from her forehead. She looked at Cordelia wistfully as she sat down and leaned over her. "Cordelia, when was it that I spoke to you—last?"

"Yesterday, dear."

"Then I may talk to-day—you said I might, didn't you?"

"If you are strong enough."

"I am strong enough—quite. Cordelia, I must talk—I must indeed, I lie here half awake and half asleep, and try to think and remember things, and then I get so puzzled—it is dreadful, everything is so confused. I don't know what is muddled dream and what is reality." She lay silent for a little while, her fingers over her eyes, then spoke with a faint tremulous shudder. "Cordelia, that night—that terrible night—how long is it ago—three weeks, you say? You know about it, don't you?"

"Yes, dear," said Cordelia most tenderly.

"All of it?"

"Not all—only what little has been told me, and what I guess. But I know that, like the dear little brave girl you are, and you risked your life to save Dermot's, Rosalie."

"Yes," assented the girl gently. "And what else, Cordelia? Do you know how I found out that if he went to the Scaw, as I knew he meant to do, those horrible smuggling wretches would shoot or stab him?"

"No, Rosalie."

"Does he know—Dermot?"

"No, my dear; through all these miserable weeks of your illness, you poor little thing, it is what we have been trying to understand."

"Then I will tell you now—indeed, I am quite strong enough"—with a smile at her companion's anxious face. "Cordelia, you know I went out alone that day into the park."

"Yes."

"I went to the lake—I—I know that walk best, you know—and round by the farther side, towards the pine-wood. I did not want to hurry back, and, although it was nearly dark, I ventured into the wood a little way. I—I was not thinking much of where I was going, and I nearly screamed when I found that I was close to two men, who were talking together. I was frightened, but I looked at them, knowing that unless I made a noise it was not likely that they would see me. One I had never seen before, but Dermot had described him to me, and somehow I knew in a moment that he must be the man they call Nat-o'-the-Dales. And, Cordelia, the other was ——"

"Stephen Gifford," interposed Miss Musgrave quietly.

"You know?" cried Rosalie, staring at her with wide-open eyes. "How do you know?"

"I will tell you presently, dear. Go on—what were they saying?"

"They were talking about the smuggling that the still must be moved, for they hadn't thrown Knabb off the scent after all, and that it would be the safest to go back to the Old Woman's Basket, for he was not likely to search there again. It was Mr. Gifford who said that, and the other man laughed, and said it was done already and that it would go hard with old Knabb if he showed his face there, for the other men were there, and would give him a knife-thrust or a pistol-shot for his pains, if nothing worse. And Mr. Gifford laughed, and said they might give the old fox a wooden overcoat, and welcome, for all he cared; but that he wouldn't have the boy hurt, for his sister's sake. And, oh, Cordelia, then I knew they meant poor Dermot!"

"Don't go on, dear," urged Cordelia pityingly, as the fragile little form, leaning against her, shuddered violently.

"Yes—yes—I must. That horrible man laughed and said that, if the young fool would go spying about where he'd no business to be, he would fare as badly as the old fox himself. And he swore, and told Mr. Gifford to mind his own affairs and do his own part or it would be the worse for him. And then they moved further away, and I could hardly hear what they said, only that was about the west tower, and being careful about having the door open at midnight as the lads meant to bring the stuff then, so that it could be stowed away safely before the old fox laid his claws upon it. And then they parted, the man going off through the pines towards the dales, and Mr. Gifford brushing by me so closely that he almost touched me."

There was a pause. Rosalie lay back with her hands pressed over her eyes, and trembling again. Cordelia waited quietly.

"I don't know hardly what I did next, Cordelia, it is all confused. I seem only able to remember Dermot, and that he would be hurt, killed perhaps, if I could not do something. I knew he would climb the Scaw and go to the Old Woman's Basket—I felt he would—he was never afraid of anything. I was wild—I rushed here; I meant to find you, I think—but—but——"

"You saw Durward?" questioned Cordelia, gently.

"Yes, Durward. He was sitting by the fire in the hall, and was half asleep, I think, when I rushed in. I told him what I had heard—I made him understand; I could see that he believed me, although at first he he tried to laugh and jeer. I took hold of his arm, I think I shook him—I told him he must help me, tell me what to do, or his brother would be hurt, murdered, perhaps, while we stood there, and Cordelia, he would not!"

"He would not!" echoed Cordelia, compressing her lips.

"No, he would not. He laughed and pushed me off in that peevish way of his, and then began to grumble, and say that I must be mad to excite him so with my stupid tales; if Dermot was such a fool as to go risking his neck, prowling about on the Scaw, he would richly deserve all he got. He made me hate him!" cried the girl, panting with excitement. "He did, Cordelia, for he spoke all the time as it was a joke that it was too much trouble even to laugh at. He made me distracted; I never thought of calling you, or any one else: I cried out that I would save him if it killed me and rushed over to the door. But he seized me, he would not let me go; I struggled and threw him off; and I think I saw him fall as I rushed out again into the snow."

"My poor child—my poor girl!"

Miss Musgrave bent down over the golden head, tears of mingled pain and excitement dropping upon it. She could hardly realize the desperate energy and courage displayed by this fragile creature.

Rosalie went on in a low awed tone:

"I don't know how I did it, Cordelia—it seemed to me to be some one else who was battling and struggling out there in the storm. I seemed to find my way across the valley to the foot of the Scaw without knowing it, although the snow nearly blinded me, and the wind nearly carried me off my feet. I only felt that I must meet Dermot before he got to the Old Woman's Basket and stop him. I didn't even know until you showed me the scars yesterday, that my hands were all cut and bleeding and cut from the rocks. I climbed and clung somehow—twice I fell—until I knew I must be near the cave, and saw a gleam of light shine out. Then I heard voices—not his—then Gurth and Lady barking. I knew he was coming, that I should be too late, and I screamed, I meant to warn him, and some men came rushing out and seized me. They didn't hurt me—I think they were too startled. For just a moment they only stared at me and one another. Then the dogs barked again, and in a moment Dermot was there, and struggling with them. He saw me and sprang at the man who was holding me—I think he thought I was hurt. Then I saw that some one struck him from behind just as he touched me—I saw a knife come down, and blood on him as he fell. Oh, Cordelia, it was horrible—horrible!"

There was a long silence. Rosalie lay trembling from head to foot. Presently she asked softly, without looking up—

"Cordelia, was he very ill?"

"Not very, dear. Not so ill as you have been, for the cold, excitement, and exposure did not prostrate him and bring on a fever as it did in your case."

"But the stab?" queried the girl, shuddering.

"It was not much—only a flesh wound. The blow on the head was the worst; it stunned him."

"And he is better now—really?"

"Almost well."

"He has not gone away to Scotland, has he?"

"He would not until you were better, dear. Rose went back last week."

"But he will go—wont he?"

"When he has seen you, and tried to thank you."

"No—no! He must not thank me—he must not speak of it!" She turned towards the light, and Cordelia saw that her face had suddenly flushed crimson. "Cordelia, I can't bear it, do you hear? It makes me ill again, even to think of what's gone—indeed it does. Tell him that, if he likes, I will see him before he goes away, just to say good-bye, but only that. Not a word more—just to say good-bye."

"Am I to tell him that, Rosalie?"

"Yes, tell him. And, Cordelia"—clasping the other's arm entreatingly—"there's another thing. I can't see Durward yet—I can't indeed. It would kill me, I think. He must wait until Dermot is gone, and I am stronger. Tell him so dear,"

"Oh, Rosalie," cried Cordelia, releasing herself and rising in agitation—"see Durward? My dear, look at me! Don't you understand?"

Rosalie looked, saw for the first time the crape-covered dress, and, seeing, understood.

"Oh, Cordelia!" she gasped; and then, after a moment, "Oh, poor fellow—poor fellow! How was it—when was it?"

"He never recovered from the shock of that awful night," answered Cordelia, striving to repress her sobs. "We found him lying in a swoon, Rosalie, close to the open door, and he never rallied—he hardly spoke again. He died on the last night of the old year."

Rosalie lay silent; she did not try to answer, she had no tears to shed. A feeling which shrank from, a sensation of relief and freedom, overpowered her, and forbade any pretence of grief. She was glad that Cordelia moved away and busied herself about the hearth.

Perhaps Miss Musgrave understood—in part at least—and, being remorseful, was not angry. When she came back and resumed her seat by the girl's pillow her face was calm again.

"Cordelia, where is Mr. Gifford?" inquired Rosalie.

"My dear, I don't know."

"He is not here—at White Towers?"

"No; we have not seen him since that night. He went away—ran away."

"How did you know that he had to do with the smugglers?"

"He wrote a confession and sent it here. Not only had he to do with the smugglers, but he made the west tower the secret spot where the whiskey was stored. He knew there was little chance—no chance—of its being traced there. More than that—I hardly like to tell you—he was the ghost."

"The ghost?"

"The ghost who frightened me and the ghost who frightened you; it is true, my dear—he confessed it. It was at night that they used to bring the whiskey, and he disguised himself in that way, well knowing what would be the thought if any of us caught a glimpse of him."

"What made him join those smuggling wretches?"

"I don't know, I cannot think—mere ill-conditioned perversity, I should fancy. It couldn't have yielded him much money."

"Did he write that letter to Sir Dunston?"

"No; to me."

"Ah, I dare say he was sorry for having frightened you! Were any of those bad men caught?"

"Three of them, dear, whom Dermot recognized, and so was able to identify. They are in Carlisle' jail, and will be tried at the next assizes."

"Was the man who stabbed him caught too?" asked Rosalie.

"Yes; why?"

"Only that I hope they punish him just as much as ever they can? Where are you going?"

"Down-stairs to see what Margary is going to give you next. You must be hungry after so much talking; I am afraid I let you talk too much. Lie down dear. Perhaps you can sleep until I come up again—try. Shall I give any one any message for you down-stairs. Dunston has been very anxious about his little girl, as he calls you."

"How kind he is! Yes; tell him I am ever so much better—almost well—and give him my love."

"And to any one else?" asked Cordelia, smiling slightly as she paused by the door.

"Anybody who wants it can have it, I suppose," said the girl coolly, shutting her eyes. "To anybody you like, Cordelia."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANIMALS WITH PECULIAR EYES.—Nature has enabled some animals to see behind them as well as in front without turning around. The hare has this power in a marked degree. Its eyes are large, prominent, and placed laterally.

Its power of seeing things in the rear is very noticeable in greyhound coursing, for though this dog is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best for it to double.

Horses are another instance. It is only necessary to watch a horse, driven invariably without blinkers to prove this.

Take, for instance, those on tramways. Let the driver even attempt to take the whip in hand, and if the horse is used to the work he will at once increase his pace.

The giraffe, which is a very timid animal, is approached with difficulty on account of his eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front.

When approached this same faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storm of kicks with which it defends itself.

A WEAK mind is ambitious of envy, a strong one of respect.

His Model.

BY A. T. B.

"GOT a model for it at last? You've waited long enough."

"Found her last month."

"Working hard?"

"Very."

The two men were walking slowly, but they had reached the next street before his friend spoke again to the painter.

"Going to let me see it?" he said.

"Yes, if you like. Come any time, I'm nearly sure to be there, and ten to one you'll see the woman too."

"What's she like?"

"What I wanted exactly. Her face is perfect. Odd though, she is—more odd than most of them."

"How so?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's her eyes, I think. This is my corner. You'll turn up, then?"

"Yes, to-day possibly. I'm not doing much."

The painter walked quickly, after he left his friend, down a long, narrow street, till he came to a row of studios. He let himself into the second of the row—a long room, full of suggestive bits of color, odds and ends of drapery here and there, and one or two curious old oak chairs and brackets. No one was there. The painter was ten minutes before the time he had appointed for the model of whom he had spoken to his friend.

He pulled into the middle of the room from one corner an easel with a canvass on it, and taking the covering from it stood looking at it, one of his hands resting on the easel.

It was not a large canvass, but the story he had chosen to tell on it was strong. The central figure was that of a woman. She stood, a tall, white figure, half-leaning against an old, grey wall, to fall the next moment beside it in death; her white draperies were stained with blood; a dagger had been flung from her dying hand, which grasped and crushed in the agony of death the crimson roses growing over the grey stones.

Not far from her, in the background, seeing only each other, were the man who had given away, and the woman who had taken, the love that should have been hers and hers only.

"Death," he meant to call it. It was one of those pictures the first sight of which makes a mental impression which is a life-long possession.

The drawing was wonderful, and the coloring perfect, but the painter's gaze was concentrated on the splendid, white, drawn white beauty of the face, and the frown with which he first uncovered his work deepened on his forehead.

"Not an atom right yet! Am I going to get the right thing there? I will have it—somehow. I can't—ah," with a change in his voice, "good morning," as a tall, slender woman came in.

"I am not late?" she asked eagerly.

"No," he said, "I'm early here. I'm ready for work though."

She moved with a curious, graceful noiselessness to one corner of the large room, to lay on one of the oak chairs the shabby little hat which had hidden, but could not spoil, the high white brow, and the low growing, beautiful yellow hair.

In a few moments she wore, instead of the black dress, which was even more shabby than the hat, the flowing draperies he had painted, fastened at her waist with a silver girdle, and, with part of her long wavy hair, falling over shoulders, stood before the painter, a face and form which had needed and received, in his picture, a little idealizing.

Her eyes were not the most notable thing about her at the first glance. They were very dark, unusually so for a fair woman, and there was something terrible in the light which could shine in them sometimes, so vividly that every other feature in her face seemed insignificant.

She came to the end of the room where he waited, and he began his work.

Once or twice an impatient sigh from him broke the silence, and each time she raised her eyes to his face.

They had a bright intense light in them, but she said nothing, and he never saw the look.

The painter worked hard and long, and it was growing late in the afternoon. His model had silently watched him, she had moved where he told her, and had stood where he wished her to stand for two hours, when the door of the studio opened quickly and a high-pitched woman's voice said:

"May I come in?"

"Come in, yes," he said, rather impatiently, without turning his head, and a

dark, small woman came across the room, a large silver chatelaine she wore jingling gently as she walked. She was very pretty, faultlessly pretty, and perfectly dressed.

"I'm sorry," she said, when she reached the painter and stood beside his easel. He stopped working, and turned towards her with a look upon his face which was not vexation, not bitterness, but something of both. Yet the tone in which he said, "Yes—what is it?" was patient.

"I'm sorry," she repeated in a low tone. "You know I never do want to worry you here—I hardly ever come, do I? But I forgot to ask you for that check, and I must go to Madam Rose to-day. You know you said you'd take me on Tuesday to—— oh, thank you," as taking his checkbook out of his pocket, he tore a check out hastily and gave her.

"It's blank," he said.

"I told you——" she began, then suddenly breaking off as she turned to go, "Oh, is this the picture I heard the Professor asking you about on Tuesday? I'm not sure if I like it"—going two or three steps back to look at it—"it's so dreadful. It's your great picture, isn't it? Will it sell do you think?"

"It's not finished," was all he answered.

"Of course when it is finished, I mean. I must go, I'm sorry to have interrupted you. You'll be home to dinner?" and without waiting for his answer the perfectly dressed little figure, with the jingling chatelaine, was gone out of the studio again.

He turned back to his work. He had not had time to look again at his model; had he looked at her, the burning light of the dark eyes would have startled him.

Then the door opened again, and the man who had walked with him to the studio that morning came in, saying cheerily:

"I told you I should turn up. Hullo, is that it?"

He came up to the picture, and walked first to one point, then to another, to get on it the light he wanted. He found it at last, and stood perfectly still for a long five minutes, it seemed to the painter. Then he came close to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder said heartily:

"That's all right; you know it is. Except—do you think you've got the agony of death—in the face, you know? I shouldn't have thought it was strong enough."

He did not wait for an answer, but gave a curious glance at the woman with the dark eyes, as he chattered on with his friend about small technical details. Then breaking off abruptly, he said he must go; and as the painter accompanied him downstairs said:

"Odd, did you call her? I never saw such eyes. But what a perfect face!"

The painter came back to his studio in a few moments to find the tall, beautiful woman, his model, standing with one hand on the easel, looking fixedly at her own counterpart. She turned to him abruptly when he came in.

"What is it you want in it?" she said. "It is true, the death agony is not there."

He was so surprised that he could not at first answer; but the dark eyes were fixed on him, and feeling as if the words were drawn out of him without his consent, he said:

"No; I know I cannot get it—cannot realise it. Every day it seems nearer, and then farther from me, and I must have it: I must have success. I cannot do without it. Heaven knows I have nothing else."

The dark eyes looked him through and through, and, it seemed to him, forced the words from him.

The next instant, when she had turned her head and stood looking at the sky outside, he felt as if he had awakened from a dream.

How otherwise could he have spoken to a woman thus whom he hardly knew at all—only as his model? More quietly he went on:

"I suppose I ought to see it—the thing itself. Of course I've studied death; but a passionate death like this—it's impossible, of course." She looked at him again, and he finished hurriedly: "All my work is nothing without it. I must get it."

* * * * * *

It was late, too late for any more work, he said. She dressed quickly, again putting on the shabby black hat over her glorious hair.

"Wednesday, for an hour, at the same time," he said.

"Wednesday," she answered, nothing more, and was gone.

Alone, quickly, along the narrow back streets she walk, until she came to the little dark room which was hers.

She sat down in the window without one glance at anything in the room, only taking off her hat and dropping it beside her on the floor. One elbow on the window-sill.

She rested her head on her hand and sat sat perfectly still, her eyes on the fading sunset.

Our lives can come so very near to each other and never touch.

How was he to know—the man she had left an hour ago—how near the longings she had made him speak of came to her?

How was he to know that the weeks during which she had been his model, had been for this woman one intense storm of passion; that she who had used her beauty to deceive one man after another in her short, restless life, now, for the first time, loved too wildly and passionately ever again to give one thought or look to any man on earth beside; that to stand for one day in the place of the woman who had given half a glance at his work that afternoon, this woman would have given her soul? He would never know, or care to know.

Never known, either, the thought which gave her face, as she looked steadily out at the sunset, an expression it had never worn before. Her eyes flashed, and into her face came a deeper and deeper color, but she did not move, only her hands held each other in a grasp which grew tighter and tighter.

He wanted something. She could give it him. Life, which had been valueless to her, grew suddenly priceless. She, and she only could—— On Wednesday, he should have it.

For more than an hour the painter had been working on Wednesday, then remembering the time he had told her was over:

"To-morrow I'll go on," he said.

"No, not to-morrow," she answered. "Now!"

He was so engrossed with his work, and so expecting some ordinary response from her, that he did not, at first, realise what she had said. A moment later he did; the odd tone of her voice ringing suddenly in his ear. He looked up quickly. The wonderful dark eyes were fixed on him—held him fast. They lighted a face with the whiteness of death. Once more they flashed—at his voice in a choked, terrified exclamation. Then their light was gone. He had reached her too late; the dagger fell from her hand; there was a quick gasp one long, quivering sigh, and when he raised her in his arms he had seen the death agony of "a passionate death."

* * * * * *

"Not seen his great picture! Why, where have you been, my dear fellow? Oh, only a fortnight home. Thought it was more. my memory's going—over-work! Third room of course—come along. Fine isn't it? Wonderful that death agony in the face. Did you hear—— Oh, you didn't! Odd thing—awful! His model stabbed herself before he had finished it. Thinking of it turned her head, I suppose. It's twice the picture it was, though—saw it in March. He's made his name now, that's certain."

GETTING TO SLEEP.

Some people can go to sleep whenever they will. A hale old gentleman once said that he could never get any comfort out of his bed, "for he no sooner lay down in it than he had to leave it again;" the explanation being that he went to sleep at once, and never woke till morning.

In these days however of overwork and strain it is far more usual to meet with persons who cannot sleep at all at night.

Some lie down, but no sooner do they attempt to go to sleep than all their troubles, anxieties, difficulties, mistakes and faults, pass in review before them, looming far larger and blacker in the darkness than they would in the daylight.

Some sleep for an hour or two, then wake, unable to fall asleep again.

Sufferers from sleeplessness are often tempted to take sleeping draughts, this is a great and most dangerous mistake. Sleeping draughts should never be resorted to unless under wise medical advice, Far better is it to try to court sleep.

There are many ways in which this can be done, although there is one way which answers equally well for anyone.

A plan, however, which fails with one may succeed with another, and therefore it is worth while to acquaint ourselves with the remedies for sleeplessness which different persons have found of value, here are some of them:—

Have a cup of good beef-tea, broth or gruel, a glass of milk, or any light food by the side of the bed, and take it in the middle of the night when sleep refuses to come to you. This will, in nine cases out of a dozen, induce sleep. The beef-tea, etc., need not necessarily be hot, though it will accomplish its purpose more quickly if it is hot.

Breathe slowly and steadily for a few minutes in the same way that you would do if you were fast asleep; that is draw a long slow breath through the mouth, and send it out through the nostrils. Try at the same time to fancy that you see the current of air thus sent forth as you see the breath in clear frosty weather. Five minutes of this breathing has produced sleep in numbers of cases.

Go over again, in imagination, a pleasant journey; try to recall the objects seen on the route in their proper order.

In the same way try to recall in proper order the incidents of a story, or the thoughts in a sermon.

Wet a cloth and lay it on the forehead. Or take a long towel, fold it like a bandage, and wring one third of it out of cold water. Bind the wet part of it thoroughly round the leg, cover it with the dry part, then with oiled silk. Draw a stocking over all.

Or, in the same way, put a wet bandage round the stomach. Wet bandages judiciously applied are powerful aids to sleep.

Use a hair pillow instead of a pillow filled with feathers or flocks. The hair pillow is cooler, and rapidly draws away the heat of the head.

If not thoroughly warm, put another blanket, or an extra covering on the bed.

If too hot turn down one of the blankets.

Do not resolve or try to go to sleep. To do this is a very common cause of wakefulness. Sleep comes; it will not be forced.

A physician once advised a patient to lie on the back, with a doubled pillow placed against the back of the neck, so as to tip the head forward, nearly close up the artery, and so lessen the flow of blood to the brain.

Fancy that a clock is ticking, and count the ticks.

Put a sponge bath in such a position that water falls into it drop by drop. A continuous, monotonous, low noise is found sometimes to accomplish the desired object.

Very often the habit of sleeplessness may be overcome by keeping the bedroom window open at the top all night, and by getting rid of curtains and bed-hangings.

When cold feet are the cause of sleeplessness, it is wise to keep a hot-water bottle in the bed, or to wear loose woolen bed-slippers.

The devices recommended for inducing sleep are innumerable. The following are examples:

Count a hundred many times.

Repeat the alphabet backwards and forwards again and again.

Imagine a flock of sheep jumping one by one over a stile.

Think of a flowing river, the humming of bees, or the waving of a field of corn.

Shut the eyes, and roll the eyeballs continuously in one direction.

Keep the eyes looking down.

Take a hot shower-bath at bed time.

Take a brisk walk of a mile or two after supper, then after the walk put the head under the pump just before going to bed.

Put the feet into cold water the last thing at night.

Warm the feet by rubbing them vigorously before stepping into bed.

Lay a linen pocket handkerchief, which has been wrung out of cold water, under the back of the neck, with a folded cloth under it to protect the pillow.

All these remedies are believed in implicitly by some and scorned by others. Where they are believed in they generally prove efficient.

Sometimes elderly people who are fairly healthy and hearty experience much discomfort through waking very early in the morning, and not being able to go to sleep again.

A physician advised a patient that the remedy for this was to get up on waking, dress, and begin to work. He added that in all probability the night after this was done, sleep would last a little longer, though again the patient should rise immediately on waking, because to lie in bed awake under these circumstances was to help on the formation of the habit of sleeplessness.

Many exact rules have been laid down as to the amount of sleep required. One of them is that "six hours are enough for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a child and nine for a pig." Whoever first tried to establish this dictum was ignorant of his subject. The requirements of nature vary in different individuals. To sleep as long as you are sleepy is good: to lie in bed awake is laziness.

Bric-a-Brac.

FROM LOW TO HIGH.—Pope Damasus II. was the son of a Bavarian peasant. Adrian IV. was the son of a woman who depended on the alms of the parish. Urban IV. was the son of a cobbler. Nicholas IV. belonged to a poor family. Celestine V. was the eleventh son of poor people. Benedict XI. was the son of a washerwoman. John XII. was the son of a collector of old rags. Benedict XII. was the son of a miller. Boniface IX. belonged to a poor family that had fallen from a high station. Alexander V. did not know who his parents were, he only remembered that he got his bread, when a boy, by begging. The mother of Nicholas V. lived by raising poultry. Sixtus IV. was the son of a fisherman, whom he aided in his boyhood. Adrian VI. was the son of a shepherd. Sixtus V. was the son of a herdsman.

THE BEAVER.—Of the beaver a correspondent writes. Its intelligence is proverbial. It may not be generally known that if a steel trap is left visible in one of the runs he will deliberately spring it with a stick; but if it is so artfully covered with snow or leaves that he steps on it unwarily, he will twist round and round till the limb is severed. It is only under water that a steel trap will hold a beaver, and then because he drowns before he can twist himself free. I once caught a beaver's foot in this way, and some weeks afterwards another trapper caught a three-footed animal in a dead-fall. This was evidently my beaver; so I bought his skin and brought it to London, where it was sold, to be converted—so I was informed—into a sealskin vest.

AN UNSELFISH BOY.—Lord Ashley (afterwards the Earl of Shaftesbury) once told the House of Commons a touching story of the hardships of the "gutter children." He knew a boy, he said, who spent the greater part of his nights throughout the bitter winter of 1847 inside the iron roller of Regent's Park! Every evening this lad used to climb over the railings, and creep into the curious shelter which he had found from the biting blast. And then Lord Ashley went on to show how kind the very poorest are to one another. So much comfort had the boy enjoyed in the roller that he resolved to give a less fortunate chum a share of his home, promising to "let him into a good thing"—which he did in more senses than one. That was real unselfishness; was it not?

WHAT WAS THE PILLORY.—In the "good old times" there were various kinds of punishment which, for better or for worse, have been allowed to die out. Among them was the pillory. It consisted of a wooden platform, on which was securely fastened a pillar, also of wood, about as tall as a man. Across the top of this post was placed a small plank in two parts, which were hinged together. In the middle was a hole large enough for a human head to pass through, and on each side was a smaller hole for the wrists. When a person had to stand in the pillory, the upper half of the cross-piece was raised by means of the hinge; his head was then put in the central hole, and his wrists were lodged in the side holes. The plank was then lowered, and fastened with a padlock, and there the man had to stand for hours in all sorts of weather, and exposed to the jeers or the cheers of the people. Though the pillory was at first meant to be used as a punishment of criminals, in the seventeenth century it was largely employed against political offenders.

CLAY PIPES.—Many have noticed on some of the clay-pipes sold, the letters, "T. D." It is said that they took their name from Timothy Dexter, an eccentric capitalist, who, in his will left a large sum of money to be expended in the erection of a factory where cheap clay pipes, such as those as now bear the name of "T. D.'s," were to be manufactured. He was born at Malden, Mass., 1783, and at an early age apprenticed to a tanner. On attaining the age of twenty-one, he went into business for himself, and amassed a fortune. He then moved to Newburyport, and styled himself Lord Timothy Dexter. He adorned his grounds with wooden statues costing $15,000, dressed in half military, half classic style, and rode in a coach that imitated the heathen deities. He wrote a book, "Pickles for the Knowing Ones, or, Plain Truth in a Homespun Dress." It was entirely without punctuation in the first edition, and on the last page of the second edition he inserted a quantity of all sorts of punctuation marks to let people punctuate it for themselves.

WHY do we discover faults so much more readily than perfections?

CLOUD-SHIPS.

BY J. G. W.

Across the calm of the celestial seas
Some dreamy cloud-ships slowly, slowly sail
(Their canvas spread to catch the gentle gale)
With swan-like motion, gliding on with ease.
From the warm south they come like reveries
That from the fertile realms of fancy hail,
And sail the seas of mind. So fairy-frail.

Are these full-freighted little argosies,
That when contending currents stir the deep,
And the brisk breeze of reason decks with white
The wavelets newly born, like frightened sheep
The tossing ships are scattered left and right,
With tattered sails and battered hulls, till sleep
The wind and waves, as sleeps the world at night.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

HE unhooked the fish and threw it in the creel, and she made another cast.

Lord Heron walked beside her in silence.

He had always regarded her as a woman of society; a belle of the ball room, just an ordinary London girl, and her skill amused and amazed him.

She was so absorbed in her work that, apparently, she had quite forgotten him, and they followed the stream for a mile, with scarcely a word passed between them, except when Lord Coverdale made some remark upon the size of the fish which he consigned to his basket.

Then suddenly she stopped, and turning to him with a little smile, as if she had suddenly remembered his presence, she said:

"There! Have I not kept my word?"

"And more," he said. "You have caught two to my one."

She laughed.

"Women can do all that men so pride themselves upon," she said mildly. "But I must be going home. What is the correct time?"

He looked at his watch.

"Nearly two," he said.

She made a little grimace.

"Poor papa! I have kept lunch waiting. He will be so angry."

She looked round.

"Isn't there a near cut from here to the Priory? This stream has twisted and curved so."

"Yes," he said. "The Priory lies nearly opposite us—but the stream lies between. There is a bridge a mile lower down."

"A mile!" she said raising her eyebrows. "That will take ever so long. And papa will not begin lunch until I get home. He hates eating his meals by himself. Can't I cross the stream?"

Lord Coverdale looked at it. I was broken here and there by big stones, almost large enough to be called boulders; a man might have waded or chanced it stepping across from rock to rock, but for a lady such a task might result in wet feet.

"I am afraid not," he said. "There is nothing for it but going back or making for the bridge lower down."

She looked at the stream very wistfully.

"I think I could cross," she said. "I have a very steady eye."

He shook his head.

"I do not think you could; the stones are slippery. I could carry you," he added with a smile.

She laughed.

"No, thanks. I am not so light as I look. Besides, I would rather trust to my own feet. I shall try it."

"Don't!" he urged. "You will be certain to slip."

"I'll risk it," she said brightly. "Good morning!" and she handed him his rod, and sprang lightly on to the nearest stone.

Lord Heron threw the rod on the ground, and waded into the water to help her with his hand, but she called back to him laughingly.

"Please don't! you'll get wet! I'm anxious to prove that I can cross a stream, as well as fish it!"

"Take my hand," he said, extending it. "You had much better have let me carry you."

"We might have both got wet then," she retorted, and disregarding his proffered assistance, she made a spring for the stone in front of her.

The stream was strong and turbulent, and came over Lord Coverdale's stockings, but he succeeded in reaching her before she could make another move, and grasped her arm.

"Pray take care," he said gravely; "if you were to slip you would get wet through! Please let me help you!"

"I shall not slip," she said, and made another spring. But as if in mockery of her vaunting she made a false step; the slippery rock seemed to give way beneath her light weight, and she tumbled sideways.

Lord Coverdale saw what had happened, and he caught her in his arms.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a tone of vexation.

Then her face grew pale, and her lips quivered.

"What is the matter? You are hurt?" he said anxiously, for she lay in his arms almost a dead weight.

"I—I don't think so," she said faintly. "My ankle! A sharp pain shot through it."

He knew that she had sprained it, but he smiled to encourage her.

"It may be nothing," he said; "but it has come to what you so scornfully declined: I must carry you!"

He was holding her in his strong arms, like a little child, and she made no resistance.

"I have failed," she said. "How ignominious! But I got half way across, did I not?"

"Yes," he said. "You can console yourself with that! Will you put your arm round my neck, please?"

She hesitated a moment, then, with a faint blush, she obeyed.

Lord Heron adjusted her as comfortably as he could, and raising her from the stones waded on.

There were at least half-a-hundred men who would have given ten years of their lives for the privilege of holding Lady Lilian in their arms; but Heron Coverdale's blood ran none the faster though her white hand nestled like a dove against his neck, and he could feel the beating of her heart against his.

Indeed, he was thinking, not of himself, but of his beautiful burden. He did not know yet what had happened to her, but he was wondering how he should get her home.

Lady Lilian breath came in quick, little gasps.

A stinging, aching pain shot through her ankle, but the strange ecstacy which ran through her at the close clasp of his strong arms, obliterated it.

Her face, now white, now crimson, was close to his; her hair pressing against his cheek.

The way seemed long, but, in pain though she was, she would willingly have had it lengthened four fold.

"There!" he said, as he climbed up the bank.

"Thank you; oh, thank you!" she said, and slipped from his arms like a sunbeam, but no sooner had she put her feet to the ground than she sank down.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "What is the matter? What have I done?"

"I am afraid you have sprained your ankle," he said, looking down at her very gravely.

She made a little move of disgust.

"Really? Sprained my ankle! How excessively annoying——"

"I am afraid it is painful, too?" he said gently.

She made a little grimace.

"It is, rather. What is to be done?" and she forced a laugh.

"The first thing to do is to get your boot off," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice.

"My boot off?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said, "or it will swell—your foot, I mean. See, it has swollen already!" and he knelt down beside her.

"What are you going to do? Not cut it my foot, surely?"

"No," he said; "only the boot," and he cut the laces and gently drew off the boot. "You will feel less pain now," he said.

"I do," she said. "The boot was pressing upon my foot, and torturing me. But what am I to do now? I don't think I can walk——"

"You must not attempt it," he said.

"But I can't stay here until my foot gets well, Lord Coverdale," she said, with a laugh.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "I will go and get a conveyance. You don't mind being left alone? You won't"—he hesitated—"you won't faint?"

"Do I look so much like it?" she said quickly.

"You are very pale," he said gravely. "Stay!" and, as if struck by a sudden thought, he took a flask from his pocket. "Drink a little of this!"

"It is very nasty," she said, making a grimace. "What is it?"

"Brandy," he said.

"And there are some people who are fond of it!" she said, wiping her lips with her dainty, lace-edged handkerchief. "Will you be gone very long, Lord Coverdale?"

"No longer than I can help. Does your foot pain you now?"

"Horribly," she said, smiling.

He went down to the stream, and wetting his handkerchief wrapped it round her foot; and she noticed that his touch was as tender and pitying as a woman's.

Then he took off his coat, and rolling it up, placed it under her head.

"Lie down and rest until I come back," he said. "I will not be gone long."

"Oh, I am so sorry to give you so much trouble!" she said penitently. "It is all my fault! If I had taken your advice, I should not have attempted it; but, indeed, I had no idea the stream was so broad!"

"Or the stones so slippery? It was my fault," he said; "I ought to have insisted upon carrying you!"

"Yes. After all, you had to carry me!" she said, and she cast a glance at him from her lovely eyes.

She might as well have fired it at the Sphinx.

"Yes," he said gravely. "I will go now; I shall not be long."

"Don't, please!" she said with a piteous little sigh. "I dread solitude for the first time in my life."

He knelt down and laid her foot upon the creel tenderly, then, with an encouraging nod and smile, started off running in the direction of the Revels.

Lady Lilian coiled herself up as comfortably as she could.

As she had said, her foot pained her horribly, but the pain counted as little against the satisfaction which possessed her.

Only a few hours ago she had despaired of getting him to approach her, and now she had spent some hours in his society, and had been carried in his arms!

Notwithstanding her swollen foot, Lady Lilian was happy and satisfied.

Lord Coverdale ran swiftly. He knew enough of the nature of sprains to be sure that before half an hour had elapsed Lady Lilian would be incapable of moving, and he was anxious to get some conveyance to take her to the Priory.

Presently, as he was running along, he heard a man whistling behind a hedge, and looking over he saw one of his laborers at work in a field.

He pulled up short and called the man, who came to the gate, and staring at his coatless master, touched his hat.

"Have you got a hurdle there, Giles?" asked Lord Coverdale.

"A hurdle?—yes, my lord," said the man with a stolid stare.

"Bring it here, then," said Lord Heron. "Leave the horses, man; they'll be all right. Be quick!"

The man left the horses and came running up with a hurdle.

"Follow me," said Lord Coverdale, and he quickly retraced his steps towards the stream.

The man, amazed and confused, and half afraid that the great earl had taken leave of his senses, blundered after him, and Lord Heron pulled up breathlessly at Lady Lilian's side.

"Oh, what is that?" she said. "How soon you have got back!"

"It's a hurdle," he said concisely. "We will carry you on that."

"On that?"

"Yes; pray don't hesitate. Put the hurdle down,"—this to the man.

"But—but—" she remonstrated.

He cut short her hesitation by lifting her bodily and laying her on the hurdle; then he arranged his waistcoat for a pillow, and throwing his coat over her feet, took up one end of the hurdle.

The man seized the other end and they set off.

"But where—where are you going to take me?" enquired Lady Lillian.

Lord Coverdale stopped short.

She looked pale and faint; it was imperative that they should take her ladyship to the nearest shelter.

"To the Revels," he said.

A proud gleam of triumph shone in Lady Lillian's eyes.

"To the Revels!" she said; "your place?"

He nodded.

"Yes. You are in pain and very faint. I have a very reliable woman there, a Mrs. Hartley; she will know what to do. Please leave it all to me."

"I will leave it all to you," she said and sank back with a sigh.

They carried her as quickly and gently as possible to the Revels.

The footmen and the butler came out staring with surprise at the spectacle of their master in his shirt sleeves and the beautiful young lady on the hurdle; but Lord Coverdale sent them to the right-about, and called for Mrs. Hartley.

"Lady Lilian Foyle," he said. "She has sprained her ancle. Take her to—"

He stopped suddenly.

There was only one suite of rooms always kept in readiness besides his own, and that was the blue suite which had been Iris Knighton's.

"Yes, my lord," said Mrs. Hartley, and she led the way to Iris's rooms.

Nothing could have been better or sweeter than Lady Lilian's manner and conduct under those trying circumstances. She was gentleness and meekness themselves.

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble," she murmured to Mrs. Hartley, who had been housekeeper since Lord Coverdale's reign at the Revels. "It was all my fault! Lord Coverdale warned me that I should come to grief, but I laughed him to scorn. I hope I shan't trouble you long."

She was so gracious and pleasant that Mrs. Hartley's heart was quite won, and when she had put the unresisting patient to bed, and she went downstairs and found Lord Coverdale pacing up and down the hall, she could not refrain from expressing her sense of Lady Lilian's amiability.

"Such a pleasant-spoken and grateful young lady, my lord!" she said. "I do hope she hasn't hurt herself much!"

After an hour or two Lord Foyle arrived.

"My dear Coverdale, what—ever is the matter?" he exclaimed. "I have heard the most extraordinary accounts! What is it? Has Lilian broken her neck, or her leg?—either, or both?"

"Neither," said Lord Heron; "neither, I am glad to say; but I am sorry to say that she has sprained her ankle."

"Tut—tut!" exclaimed Lord Foyle. "That is just like her! She is so impulsive! Just what I was at her age! And you have had her brought here! That was very good of you! But I'm afraid you will find it a terrible nuisance!"

"Not at all!" said Lord Heron. "It was mainly my fault. Lady Lilian was a little too venturesome."

"Really! Well, I'll go and see her," and he quickly went upstairs to Lady Lilian's room.

She was lying back on the bed on which Iris had slept, looking out at the view which Iris had so often looked at.

"Well, papa," she said with a smile.

"What on earth does this mean?" asked Lord Foyle.

She smiled again, a smile of triumph.

"It means that I am lying here an invalid at Knighton Revels, papa. I have sprained my ankle."

He stood and regarded her with an uncertain air.

"Really?" he said.

"Really," she replied. "Oh, yes, it is a real sprain, and it is exceedingly painful. But—" she smiled again triumphantly,—"it is the price I had to pay for being here—here at Knighton Revels. Are you satisfied, papa?"

"Satisfied?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, raising herself on her elbow. "This morning you said that Lord Coverdale was like a hermit crab, and that there was no getting him out of his shell. I have done better than that: instead of getting him out of his shell, I have made my way within it!"

He nodded twice.

"Yes?" he said.

"Yes," she repeated. "I am here at Knighton Revels, and, papa, I don't intend leaving it until I have his invitation to return as its mistress!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A GREAT and a wonderful change had come over Iris's life. Her success was phenomenal.

Without any of the long and arduous trials which are generally endured by the majority of actresses, she had stepped into the front rank of the profession, and was acknowledged to be not only a beautiful singer but a talented actress.

London does not "rage" much about anything now-a-days, "rages" of all kinds have gone out of fashion; but so far as it permitted itself to be enthusiastic about any matter, London was enthusiastic about Miss Mabel Howard.

The Lyric was crowded nightly, and that by no means perfect play, "The Imprisoned Princess," was a success beyond anything that Mr. Stapleson had as yet produced.

The illustrated papers gave pictures of its principal scenes; the street organs played the popular airs; and in every Belgravian drawing-room was heard Paul's song, as sung by Miss Mabel Howard.

Mr. Stapleson and everybody connected with the theatre were in the seventh heaven of satisfaction and delight.

Mr. Stapleson himself proved as true as steel, and at once entered into an agreement with Iris which gave her a very large salary, while it, very properly, secured her future services at the Lyric.

Paul, too, was not forgotten, and was promoted to first violin at a good salary.

It had all come so suddenly that Iris could scarcely persuade herself that it was more than an unsubstantial dream.

Like Byron, she woke one morning to find herself rich and famous.

But of them all she was the only one who showed no excitement or enthusiasm. She was pleased and gratified, but it was more the pleasure and gratification in the delight of the others than any selfish satisfaction. Some people—alas! many—when, by a sudden bound, they reach to top of the hill of Fortune, are apt to forget those who placed them on their feet and pointed out the way; but Iris was not one of those.

"But for Mr. Stapleson, and the rest, who taught me and helped me so kindly and willingly," she said, "I should have failed utterly," and in this modest spirit she took her triumph, and so silenced even the tongue of envy.

"I suppose," said Paul, the morning after her first appearance; "I suppose you will leave Mrs. Barker, and Markham Street, now, Mabel? The place will be too poor for you, won't it? You are very rich now!"

But Iris had, as she lay awake that night, thought over her position, and made her resolutions.

"No, Paul," she said quietly; "I shall not leave Mrs. Baker, if she will have me still! I have grown fond of these rooms, and I should not be happier in any others, if they were twice as grand, or I were twice as rich, as you call it! We will stay here, Paul, will we not?"

The boy's face flushed with pleasure.

"That's like you, Mabel! I ought to have been ashamed of myself for thinking otherwise."

But though they remained in the humble rooms in Markham Street, Mabel made some improvements in the matter of the furniture, and that, not so much in her own apartments, as in Paul's; and though he remonstrated at her extravagance, the old and worn carpet gave place to Turkey rugs.

She bought him a beautiful couch upon which to rest when his weak legs grew tired, pictures such as Paul had looked at covetingly in the shop windows, shone resplendent on the parlor walls, and, to make his joy complete, Iris purchased a collection of the works of the great composers, and a handsome book-case to hold them.

"You buy nothing for yourself, Mabel," he said reproachfully, and she answered with a smile.

"I have got all I really want, Paul! I am happy in trying to make you happy, dear."

She had requested Mr. Stapleson to keep her address secret, so that no one knew, excepting himself, where the famous Miss Mabel Howard hid herself away when she escaped from the public gaze.

But presently, on the second day after her first performance, there arrived sundry

letters and packages, addressed to her at the theatre.

Some of these letters were from photographers offering her certain sums of money for the privilege of taking and selling her photograph.

To these requests Iris got Paul to write a civil but emphatic "No."

Other letters contained avowals of the writers' intense admiration, and, also prayers for her autograph.

And there were some which contained offers of marriage, and—some which did not. All these Iris threw upon the fire of the green room after reading the first few lines.

The packages contained a variety of articles.

Some of them were jewelry in the shape of bracelets, and rings, and chains, accompanied by the expressed wishes of the donors that Miss Mabel Howard would wear them on the stage.

Iris did them up carefully in their original wrappers, and returned them through the parcel post.

But sometimes there came a simple bunch of flowers with a little paper tied round the stalks, and an ill-written message of gratitude and admiration to Miss Mabel Howard for lightening the sender's heart with her beautiful voice.

These Iris would place in a vase in her dressing-room, and sometimes, when she felt depressed and low spirited, the sight of them would cheer and encourage her.

"Let me sing my best to-night," she would murmur. "Perhaps somebody will be tempted to forget their sorrow, some heart will be eased and comforted!"

At night when she came out at the stage door, there was generally a group of persons lining the path, anxious to get a glimpse of the famous actress in her ordinary attire; men in evening dress with their eyeglasses stuck on their eyes, and leaning on crutch-handled sticks.

But they did not get much by their waiting, for Miss Mabel Howard was always very closely veiled, and made straight for the club without looking to the right or left.

Yet another kind of attention was paid.

Society has lately adopted a fashion of engaging professional entertainers in its "At Homes" to enliven the general dulness which descends, like an Egyptian fog, upon such gatherings, and Iris was besieged by applications that she would come and sing at Lady This and the Countess of That's; but to these Iris had one stereotyped reply; she was very much obliged, but she sang only at the Lyric.

Paul wrote all her notes, for she dreaded lest some one of her former acquaintances should see her handwriting and recognize it.

It was strange that she had not been recognized on the stage, but powder and paint—which, owing to the effect of the footlights upon the countenance, every actress is compelled to use—are a strong disguise; besides, no one dreamed of connecting the Mabel Howard of the Lyric with Miss Iris Knighton of the Revels.

The days wore on. The Lyric filled night after night, and Iris's fame grew with each performance.

Her success had made her careful and painstaking instead of careless, as is too often the case, and Mrs. Berry and Paul declared that she played with greater effect at each performance.

Certainly her voice improved, as the voice will when it is used and practised with intelligence, and presently she began to feel a strange delight in feeling the densely-packed people thrill and throb in sympathy with the notes which seemed to flow from her lips so naturally and easily.

If she were not happy—and Heaven alone knew how often she fell asleep with unshed tears quivering under the lids!—she was for these few days under a spell, as it were; for a few hours at least, when she stood before the footlights, she could forget the deep and terrible sorrow that had fallen upon her young life, and those hours, few as they were, were something gained.

She spent the morning in Paul's room, where they practiced together, working as hard as if her name were still to be made.

Then came lunch, and in the afternoon they would go for a short walk in the park.

Sometimes they took the train, and went up to one of the quiet riverside places, and there, side by side, strolled along the silver stream, or sat and talked under the shade of the great horse-chestnuts.

Then home to the quiet little dinner at half-past five, and then, two hours later, they set off for the Lyric.

Sometimes Mrs. Berry would come and dine with them, and would tell them the story of her chequered life, and make Iris smile, and Paul laugh at the quaint stories of the scenes she had gone through.

It is generally supposed that an actress's life is made up of champagne suppers and perpetual dissipation, but this is one of those absurd ideas of which the general public is gradually getting disabused.

The life of an actress—that is if she is an actress worth her salt—is one of continual hard work, for which she has to keep up her health and spirits always at a high standard, and champagne suppers would soon lower both.

As to Paul, he was in the seventh heaven of bliss.

His love for the beautiful girl who had come into his gray and sober life like an angel was as pure and sweet as that of a brother for a sister; it was the devotion of a Parsee for the sun.

To him she seemed something more than human, and he asked nothing more of Fate than to bask in her presence.

It was generally supposed that they were brother and sister, and as Iris never contradicted the statement, it grew into an accepted fact.

A fortnight passed, and one evening Paul and Iris were sitting after their dinner talking together; Paul stretched on the luxurious couch she had bought for him, and Iris lying back in her easy chair, within the great arms, her eyes half closed, her thoughts wandering to the Revels, and wondering what Lord Heron was doing.

"The prince is coming again to-night, they say, Mabel," said Paul.

Iris awoke with a little start.

"Is he, Paul? Mr. Stapleson will be very pleased."

Paul nodded.

"I should think so. And you, Mabel, aren't you pleased, too?"

"Oh, yes," she said quietly. "It is a great compliment to us all."

"Especially to one of us," said the boy, regarding her with a smile of admiration and pride. "It is wonderful how many times the same people come again," he went on. "The Duke of Rosedale now; he is there in his box three nights a week."

Iris's brow contracted a little, and she made no response.

It was quite true that the duke was a constant visitor to the Lyric.

One of the packages which Iris had returned through the parcel post had contained a diamond bracelet with the duke's name attached; and in addition to appearing in his box, his grace had taken it into his stupid old head to hang about the stage door.

Iris had seen him with the rest, but had not mentioned the fact to Paul.

"He is very fond of music," said Paul innocently, "and I heard him telling Mr. Stapleson the other night that he would give him fifty pounds if he would allow you to sing at one of his parties."

"And what did Mr. Stapleson say, Paul?" asked Iris.

"That you never sang at private houses, and that he thought you were quite right not to do so."

"I like Mr. Stapleson," said Iris quietly. "If his grace were to offer us a thousand guineas we would not go again, Paul," she added with a little shiver.

There was silence for a moment; the mention of the duke's offer had created an unpleasant annoyance in her mind, and to get rid of it she said:

"Play me something, Paul; something of your own," for he had got into the habit of playing to her for a few minutes before they started for the theatre, as Iris said, to "put her in tune" for her work."

He took his violin and began to play, when there came a knock at the door and Mrs. Barker put in her head.

"Oh, you haven't started, miss! I said I thought you had, but he said he was sure you hadn't!"

"He, who?" asked Iris, sitting up.

"A gentleman, miss. He's downstairs; says he wants to see you."

Iris's heart beat. Could it be Lord Heron?

"I—I can see no one, Mrs. Barker," she said. "Please tell him so. What is his name?"

"I asked him, and he said it didn't matter, miss. I was to say that he was an old friend!"

Iris grew pale.

"I cannot see anyone," she said quickly. "Tell anyone who asks for me that I cannot see them; anyone excepting Mrs. Berry and Mr. Stapleson."

"Yes, I know, miss," said Mrs. Barker, who had received her instructions some time ago. "But this gentleman will not take a 'No;' he's most civil and polite, I must say; but he sticks to the doormat like a limpet."

Iris's face flushed.

"I do not know anyone who would call on me," she said resolutely, "and I will see no one. Please tell him so."

"Well, I'll try and send him away," said Mrs. Barker doubtfully. "But I've been telling him so for the last quarter of an hour, and there he stands still. Can't push him into the street exactly."

"I'll go to my own room, Paul," said Iris. "If Mrs. Barker comes up again, say that I am gone——"

As she spoke the door opened, and a pale, smiling face, with black eyes that flashed like beads, appeared at the opening.

Iris uttered a faint cry and shrank back, and Signor Ricardo glided in, with outstretched hands and waving hat.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, showing his gleaming teeth, and bowing with his hand upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon her pale face, upon which fear and loathing struggled for predominance. "Ah! At last! My dear Miss——"

Iris summoned strength to hold up her hand forbiddingly, and he stopped for a second, but the next glided softly on in his snake-like, insinuating voice:

"Miss Howard! Excuse this intrusion! Pardon me that I, so to speak, forced my entrance, but an old friend—such an old friend!—could take no denial!" and he gesticulated with his thin, claw-like, white hands.

Iris gazed at him with the loathed fascination of a bird for a snake.

He was looking older and more haggard than when she had seen him last, and the thin lips and cunning eyes seemed to have grown crueller and more cunning.

What was she to do or say? Pale and motionless, she stood gazing at him as he stood regarding her with a smile of half-insolent triumph upon his evil face.

Paul, who had been staring from one to the other, amazed and perplexed, fearing that something was wrong, and yet not knowing what, got up, and, muttering something, limped shyly to the door.

The signor's keen, bead-like eyes followed him.

"Our young friend the Adonis!" he said, with a bland smile. "Do not go, my dear boy—" but Paul, flushing and shrinking, limped out.

Then Iris found her voice.

"Why—why have you come here?" she panted.

The signor smiled and stretched out his hands deprecatingly.

"Can you ask?" he murmured smoothly, and in a tone of reproach. "Is Baptiste Ricardo the man to desert an old friend? Saints and angels, no! And such an old friend, the daughter of his oldest and dearest friend!" and his white teeth gleamed like those of a hungry wolf.

Iris leant against the mantel-shelf, and swept the hair from her forehead with a trembling hand.

It was not so much fear of the man that affected her, but all that his presence recalled so vividly.

Her old home, the dear, dead father, the scene in the library where she had first heard of the "shadow on her life!"

This man with the hateful face and white hands was bound up with it all, was so part and parcel of it that his presence brought it all back upon her like the sweeping of a cold wave.

The signor laid his hat upon the table, and drawing a chair gently forward, seated himself in an easy and comfortable attitude.

"My dear young lady," he continued; "you are overcome! The sudden joy at the sight of an old friend—ah, yes, I know! But take time! Like yourself, Baptiste Ricardo is all heart, all heart!" and he spread his right claw over his bosom. "Take time, my dear Miss Iris——"

Iris put out her hand.

"Not that name!" she said.

"True, true; I forgot! Pardon the slip!" he assented, the smile growing more insolent. "Miss Mabel Howard I should have said. Miss Howard, I know that your delight at seeing me, the old and trusted"—he laid a marked emphasis on the word—"friend of your father, is equal to mine! For months I have been looking forward to this reunion; ever since the day when an evil conspiracy"—his face darkened—"tore me from your society. And the hour has come! My dear Miss Howard, it is unnecessary to ask after your health; those blooming cheeks, those sparkling eyes are answer enough! The world has smiled—it is a wise world truly!—upon you. You are flourishing, rich and famous. Baptiste Ricardo offers you his humble and sincere congratulations," and he bent forward, still keeping his black eyes upon her pale face.

"Why have you come?" she said, using the very words that poor Godfrey Knighton had spoken when the man had swooped down upon him, as he had now swooped down upon her.

The signor politely ignored the question.

"I was a true prophet; yes!" he said softly. "Did I not prophesy that the day would come when that splendid voice of yours, the voice which was your sainted mother's—" Iris shuddered—"reached the ears of the world! Ah, bah! you cannot shut up the nightingale, you cannot bury the diamond! Sooner or latter the hour arrives when the bird sings and the world hears, the gem shines, and the world gazes enraptured! So it is with you, my dear Miss Iris—pardon, Howard! You have sung, and the world is at your feet, as your poor friend Baptiste foretold."

"What is it you want?" she said, when his voice had ceased. "Tell me quickly and go."

He smiled, and his teeth, his hands, seemed to join in the mocking insolence of the smile.

"There is no such hurry," he said, sweeping his hair from his face, and stroking his moustache; "when old friends meet after an absence, they open their hearts to each other. You and I have to open our hearts, my dear young lady. Truly, yes! You want to hear my story?"

"I want to hear nothing," said Iris, gathering her strength together, and facing him for the first time.

"Pesta! but it is a sad one!" he went on as if she had not spoken. "Behold one who has been the mockery of fate, the football of fortune. Miss Iris—pardon, Howard—behold a martyr!" and he touched his chest. "A martyr! Betrayed by treachery, destroyed by false witnesses, your friend, your father's friend, was torn from your society, and in the charge of the myrmidons of the law, dragged across the sea to answer a charge of which he was as innocent as the unborn babe. Saints and angels! it was a mistake, a case of mistaken identity, as your lawyers call it; but your poor Baptiste, the football of fortune, was consigned to prison! To prison! Me, who delight, like the eagle, in the freedom of the winds and hills. I will not dwell upon the miseries of the past. They are gone. Pouf!" and he blew upon his finger tips and waved them in the air. "They are gone. I will not harrow your tender, your compassionate soul, my dear child, with a recital of my sufferings—the sufferings of the innocent. Enough that I am free—free once more, and that I have been seeking for you—for you, the daughter of my dear friend Godfrey Knighton!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Out of many, one Of the many plasters that are on the market, the best one is **Warner's Log Cabin PLASTER.**

CHINESE PIGTAILS.—It is curious how the Chinese came to wear pigtails. Several hundred years ago the inhabitants of China wore their hair as we do, but there was war between China and Tartary, and the Chinese got the worst of it and were conquered. When the first Tartar king of the present dynasty came to the throne, he determined to humble the pride of the Chinese. He began in 1644 by ordering everybody to shave off all the hair except a tuft on the crown, that being the way he wore his own hair. There was a great many proud and highspirited gentlemen in China who would not obey the command, and the result was that they had their heads chopped off. It is rather an uncomfortable thing for a man to lose his head; the Chinese thought so, and concluded to shave and braid their hair into a pigtail, although it was an act of degradation. They felt it keenly, but as the years rolled on they forgot the humiliation and began to like the fashion. As soon as the pigtails became fashionable, the young gentlemen of China tried to get up the longest, neatest, and glossiest tails possible. They cultivated them just as young gentlemen cultivate their whiskers and moustaches, greasing, combing, brushing, and fingering them all the time.

LOST IN THE STORM.

One of our local editors clipped from a leading magazine extracts from a vivid description of a western blizzard which we have taken the liberty to publish and at the same time suggest to H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, the feasibility of taking therefrom an extract for the introduction of one of their telling advertisements. The following is the description:

"At the close of a dark day in January a solitary horseman wends his way across the open prairie in one of our western territories. He passes at long intervals the lone cabin of the hardy frontiersman. Two or three old settlers, of whom he has inquired the way, have warned him that a storm is approaching, and one of them, with true western hospitality, urges him to find shelter in his cabin for the night. But he declines the proffered kindness and urges his tired horse forward. * * * The sky grows suddenly dark. * * * He decides to seek shelter. * * * The storm increases in its fury. * * * The rider dismounts to warm his fast chilling limbs. * * * Can scarcely breathe. Blindness comes on. Drowsiness steals over him. The end is near. * * * He is lost in the blizzard."

There is no doubt that the terror which seizes the bewildered traveler is similar to that which overcomes one when he learns that he is suffering from an advanced Kidney Disease, and is informed that he is in the last stages of Bright's disease. At first he is informed that he has a slight kidney affection. Later he begins to feel tired. Slight headache. Fickle appetite. Failure of the eye-sight. Cramp in the calf of the legs. Wakefulness. Distressing nervousness. Rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Occasionally pain in the back. Scanty, dark colored fluids, with scalding sensation. Gradual failure of strength.

Any of the above symptoms signify Kidney Affection, but he is told that he is all right. His physician treats him for symptoms and calls it a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom of Kidney trouble. He may be treated for Rheumatic or Neuralgic pains, heart affection, or any other disease which he is most susceptible to. Finally the patient has puffing under the eyes, slight bloating of the ankles and legs. His physician may inform him that it is but the accumulation of blood in his ankles for want of proper exercise.

The bloat continues and reaches his body.

Then he is informed he has dropsical troubles, and is tapped once or twice. He notices it is difficult to breathe owing to irregular action of the heart, and finally is informed that he has a slight attack of Bright's Disease. Soon his friends are notified that his is an advanced case of Bright's Disease, and that he can live but a short time. His honorable and dignified physician asks for counsel. It is too late. Still he sticks to the old family physician, and the physician knows and has known from the beginning that the patient has been stricken with death for months, for he knows full well that the profession acknowledge they have no remedies for the cure of Kidney Disease.

At last the patient suffocates—is smothered—and dies from dropsical trouble. Or perhaps the disease may not take the form of a dropsical tendency, and the patient dies from apoplexy, paralysis, pneumonia or heart trouble. Or it may take the form of blood poisoning. In each form the end is the same. And yet he and his friends were warned by the proprietors of the celebrated remedy known as Warner's Safe Cure, of the lurking dangers of a slight Kidney affection.

The newspapers have published the dangers. Columns of facts have been printed of men dying from advanced Kidney Disease or Bright's Disease. His friends and physician look around with horror and regret for seeming neglect, but he is lost. He did not heed the warning that a storm was approaching. He declined the proffered hospitality, and recklessly went forward into danger. He struggled manfully for a time, but his strength failed, he grew gradually weaker and he was lost to the world. Not in a blizzard, but from the terrible malady which is almost daily occurring in every community, and which is doctored as a symptom instead of what it is,—a mortal disease unless properly treated.

KIND WORDS.

BY FRED. D. SEUMING.

Kind words and good deeds must we sow,
If a harvest of love we would reap;
Let us make the world bright as we go,
Kiss the tears of the sad ones who weep.

That the sun of our lives may grow bright
With Charity, Patience and Love;
So when it sets here in Death's night,
It shall rise all refulgent above!

Between Four Walls

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was snowing steadily—a small, fine, deliberate snow, which was swiftly filling up every little crack and crevice where a snow crystal could possibly lodge, and evidently meant business.

For the matter of that, it had been snowing, off and on, for the last three days, but these intermittent showers had now settled down into a blinding snowstorm.

There was nothing to be seen but snow—floating, whirling, dancing, in mad, fiendish, fantastic glee, as though it never meant to leave off.

It was a dreary prospect. So, at least, thought a young girl who was toiling through the wintry dusk—a tiny, elf-like creature, with a small pale face, and brown curly hair blown about a pair of pathetic dark eyes, which looked as if they might not be far from tears.

For she was not only worn out and wet through, poor little soul, but she had lost her way.

To be lost on Dartmoor in a snowstorm is no joke, I can tell you; and to make matters worse—if they could be made worse—it was now quite dark, and the wind was rising steadily.

All at once the girl slipped—fell forward—a glimmer of light flashed before her eyes—and with a long, sobbing cry, she sank down, down, into a treacherous snowdrift.

Not a hundred yards away, two men were luxuriously enjoying their post-prandial pipes, in a small heavily-raftered room, which looked like nothing except what it was, namely, the principal apartment in a tiny shooting-box, intended, to all appearance, solely and entirely for the use of the sterner sex.

A roaring fire blazed in the yawning grate, almost putting to shame the light of the lamp which stood on a small table near the hearth, in company with some dried fruits and a bottle of Burgundy.

"By Jove! how cold it is," said the elder of the two men, as he threw another piece of wood on the fire.

"Cold? It's the very deuce," shivered his companion. "Wonder if it still snows," he went on, rising, and sauntering towards the yet unshuttered window as he quickly spoke.

He was tall, fair, good-looking fellow, of perhaps thirty, with dark blue, rather passionate eyes, and sunny hair.

"Worse than ever!" he muttered. "I say, Lance, this looks cheerful. Old Wellings will be snowed up on the road if he doesn't mind," he added. "He ought to be back by this time."

"Horrible contingency," murmured the individual addressed as Lance, with a lazy smile, as he filled his pipe anew. "If he doesn't get back, we are in for the pleasing exercise of cooking our own dinners, making our own beds, and 'doing for ourselves' generally, for an indefinite time. For I venture to predict that we too are safe to be snowed up before the morning."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and closed his gray eyes sleepily, as though the prospect didn't disturb him very much.

He was not a handsome fellow, Lancelot Darrell, but he had a kind, strong, refined face which somehow invariably impelled those about him to trust him implicitly. This was mainly due, I think, to a certain indefinable something about either his eyes or his mouth, I am not sure which—or perhaps both.

All at once he sat straight up and said hastily:

"I say, Carruthers, did you hear a noise outside?—a little cry, like a child's or a woman's?"

"No; can't say I did," returned the other.

Then, after listening for a moment or two, he added:

"I hear the wind roaring, but nothing else."

Darrell rose and came over to the window.

As he stood, it was noticeable that he was scarcely so tall as his companion; he was better built, though, and his general physique was more powerful.

He threw up the sash, and vainly tried to pierce the gathering darkness beyond.

All was silent outside, save for the fitful moan of the fast-rising wind, and the soft intermittent sweep of the snow against the window-panes.

Suddenly, almost close at hand it seemed, there came a faint, uncertain little cry. Both men started, and Darrell went out into the tiny square hall and opened the outer door.

"Is any one there?" he called out in his clear, pleasant voice.

"Oh, come quick," was the answer in sobbing, childish tones.

"A child, by Jove!" he muttered, plunging out into the snowy darkness.

A moment or two later he shouted:

"Show a light here, Gilbert, will you?"

Carruthers did as he was desired, and stood in the doorway holding the lamp aloft in amazement.

"What the deuce is it?" he exclaimed, as Darrell, carrying a drenched dark bundle in his arms, hurried past him into the house.

"What is it?" Carruthers repeated, following the other into the sitting-room, and setting down the lamp in a bewildered kind of way.

"Get the brandy, there's a good fellow," was the only reply, as Darrell placed the bundle gently on the sofa, and knelt down beside it.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Gilbert under his breath, as he got out the brandy, "here's a rum go, and no mistake!"

For he had caught a brief glimpse of a pale, sweet face, and long tangled hair. Was it a child?—or a woman?

After some time—it seemed an abnormally long time to both men—the eyes opened, and their owner sat up, pushing back her hair nervously, and gazing in startled amazement at the two concerned masculine faces before her.

"How—how did I get here?" she faltered. "I remember nothing but snow and darkness, and that I felt myself falling—falling then I heard a voice—I tried to call out——"

She stopped, and put her little hands confusedly to her head. Then she added, turning her great dark eyes upon Darrell, "Did you—find me?"

"Yes," he answered, with a kind little smile. "You must have slipped down the bank at the end of the house. We heard you cry out, and I found you."

He unfastened and removed her cloak and hat as he spoke, and hung them to the fire, while Gilbert wheeled forward a large easy-chair, and stirred the coals into a fiercer blaze.

"Do you feel better now?" said the latter.

"I feel very cold," she answered in a weak voice.

And she shivered.

"My clothes are so very wet, you know," she added, looking up at him pathetically.

"By Jove, yes, of course, so they are!" he said in some perplexity. "You must have them dried in some way."

"Had I not better try to get home?" she went on sadly. "I live near Tavistock. Am I far from there?"

"We are seven miles from Tavistock," said Darrell, who was pulling at his moustache in an absent way he had when disturbed or perplexed—and just now he was both.

The girl rose to her feet with a cry of dismay.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said in a terrified voice. "My aunt will be so dreadfully anxious. Oh, I must get back to-night."

"I fear it is impossible," said Carruthers gravely. "It is not only a fearful snowstorm even for Dartmoor, but with this wind the snow will drift so abominably. It is drifting now."

"Was it not a little imprudent to venture so far from home in such threatening weather," said Darrell, with a half-reproving smile.

"I did not mean to go very far," she answered. "I had gone to see a poor woman who lives on the edge of the moor; but I stayed too late, and then the snow came on worse than ever. And then I lost my way. Oh, I must have walked for miles and miles," she sighed, "for I am so very tired."

"Poor little thing," said Darrell, with much the same compassionate tenderness he would have used to a child—and, indeed, the girl looked little more. "Your people will be terribly anxious about you, I'm afraid, but it is really utterly out of the question for you to get to Tavistock to-night."

"Do you mean that I must stay here?" she said, looking up at him with eyes in which there was more than a suspicion of tears.

"I'm afraid I do," he answered kindly. "And I am equally afraid that we cannot make things as comfortable for you as we should like to do. The fact is, we are two helpless bachelors, with every prospect of being doubly helpless, for the old man who acts as our servant on the few occasions when we come down here, went to Princestown this forenoon for supplies, and has evidently found the roads impassable, as he has not returned."

"Oh, what will Aunt Priscilla say!" she murmured in a nervous, faltering voice. Then, after a pause, "I ought to tell you who I am, I suppose. My name is Leslie Heath. My aunt is Miss Carlyon. She has taken The Grange for three years."

"Carlyon," said Darrell quickly. "I knew a man Carlyon in the—th Lancers. He was my junior major ten years ago."

"Ah; that must have been my uncle Jim," she said, flushing brightly. "He has been in India ever since I can remember."

"And is it possible that you are Jim Carlyon's niece?" he exclaimed, with a pleased light in his gray eyes. "Then we may almost claim acquaintance, Miss Heath, for he used to be a great chum of mine out in Simla."

The girl looked at him with puzzled earnestness for a second or two. Then she said gravely:

"I think you must be Captain Darrell, are you not?"

"Yes," he answered, looking surprised.

"My name is Darrell—Lancelot Darrell. And this is my friend, Gilbert Carruthers."

"I have so often heard Aunt Priscilla speak of you," she said to Darrell, when she had bestowed a sweet little smile on Carruthers. "You once saved uncle Jim's life, did you not?" she added, with an awed inflection in her voice.

"Oh, no, hardly that," he answered hastily.

Here Carruthers, who had been feeling rather out of it, observed very sensibly that if Miss Heath sat much longer in her wet clothes she would most certainly catch cold.

"But what am I to do?" she said piteously.

Darrell pulled his moustache again with a perplexed air.

"You see—er—that is—well, as this is a bachelor establishment," began Carruthers not very lucidly, "you know, of course, we—er——"

Then he stopped, and stirred the fire violently, being, in fact, not very sure what he intended to say.

There was a moment's pause, and then Miss Heath, being divided between a sense of the ludicrousness of her situation and the consciousness that she was feeling miserably cold and painfully embarrassed, suddenly, and to the utter consternation of her companions, burst into a storm of hysterical sobs.

She looked so small, so childish, so forlorn, and yet so lovable, as she sat there in her dripping garments, that the hearts of both men went out to her with a curious protecting tenderness.

"Miss Heath!" exclaimed Carruthers, after a dismayed glance at Darrell. "Oh, by Jove! poor thing!"

Darrell poured out a little brandy, diluted it well, and held it to her lips.

"Hush, hush!" he whispered soothingly. "Drink this—it will do you good."

When he had set down the glass again, he went out of the room, turning at the door to say abruptly:

"Carruthers—come here for a minute. I want you."

They turned into the little firelit kitchen, and stood for a few minutes staring at each other in silence. Then Carruthers laughed a little.

"What's to be done?" he said. "It's deuced awkward for the poor little thing—deuced awkward all round, in fact!"

"It's more than awkward," returned Darrell seriously. "The poor child will catch her death of cold. She ought to have off those wet things and be got to bed at once. But then——"

He stopped, and frowned slightly.

"Well, there's my dressing gown, don't you know," hazarded Carruthers.

"For the matter of that, there's mine," was the rather curt reply. "And I'll tell you what, Gilbert—I can have a shakedown with you for to-night, and Miss Heath can have my room. It's rather larger than yours. And we'll take some hot coals from here, and make up a roaring fire."

"All right. Just light a candle, will you, while I look where that old idiot has put the shovel."

Meanwhile the poor little visitor was sitting disconsolately beside the sitting-room fire.

"What horrible predicament have I got myself into?" she muttered hysterically. "I wish old Catty Lindon had been at the bottom of the sea before I went to see her to-day. Oh, what shall I do? I can't stay here all night with these two men. They must wish me far enough, I'm sure, though they try not to let me see it. I must get home to-night; and if I don't, what shall I do for dry clothes?"

And then for sheer weariness, and cold, and mortification, she began to sob again. Poor woman! she was not quite eighteen, and very young at that.

Some ten minutes later the door opened, and Darrell came in alone.

"Now, Miss Heath," he said, seating himself beside her, and speaking very gently, but very firmly, "we must have no more tears."

But she interrupted him.

"Can I go home?" she faltered, looking up at him with tear-drowned eyes. "In some way surely I might manage, might I not?"

He shook his head.

"My dear child," he said, "I fear it is quite impossible. I would take you back to The Grange at once, I need hardly say, if it could be managed in any way at all. But the roads by this time are sure to be blocked. We should only have to turn back again."

"Are you—I mean, is there no one here but you and—your friend?" she asked, after a short pause, twisting her fingers in an embarrassed kind of way.

"No, no one," he answered gravely, but with the merest suspicion of a smile under his brown moustache. "But you are not afraid of us, are you? You don't take us for ogres, I hope! Because I am afraid it is quite inevitable that you must be our guest for to-night. Now," very gently, "be a good, sensible little woman, and promise to do what I tell you, for I am horribly exercised in my mind lest you should take cold. Will you promise?"

Leslie hesitated a moment, then made up her mind to the inevitable.

"Yes," she murmured, looking up trustfully into the kind strong face and steady gray eyes.

"That's right," he said approvingly.

He had risen, and was mixing some brandy and hot water in a large tumbler.

"Your room is quite ready, at least it will be when the fire burns up," he continued, setting down the kettle again, and speaking in a calm, matter-of-course voice, as though her presence in the house was the most ordinary occurrence possible. "And I want you to promise me that when you go to your room you will put your feet in hot water at once, as hot as you can bear it—you will find everything in readiness—and just before you get into bed drink this," touching the tumbler he held, "and go to sleep as fast as you can. And, by the way, be sure to hang your wet things to the fire. You must not mind my saying all to you," he went on, as a slow, painful blush dyed the girl's fair face. "You know I am quite an old fellow, old enough to be your father—or your uncle Jim," he added with a smile.

At that moment Carruthers entered the room.

"Miss Heath," he said good-humoredly, "has Darrell not told you that your room is quite ready? He and I are going to take out diplomas as first class housemaids. Come and inspect our labors."

Leslie rose, and both men accompanied her across the narrow little hall to a half-open door, through which the bright light of a fire gleamed cheerily.

"You will find things awfully primitive, Miss Heath," said Carruthers, as she gave him her hand, "but you will excuse deficiencies, won't you?"

"Excuse them?" she said in a low voice. "I don't know how to excuse myself for giving you so much trouble. And—and I am sure," she added uncertainly, "that I have turned one of you out of your room."

As she spoke she knew, in a flash, as it were, that it was Darrell she had turned out of his room.

"Good-night," said the latter, with a kindly smile. "You will be good and obedient, will you not, and you won't forget this?" giving her the tumbler he carried.

When the two men got back to the sitting-room again, they took possession of their respective chairs, lit their pipes, and sat perfectly silent for quite five minutes. Carruthers spoke first.

"I say, Lance," he said seriously, "do you suppose there's the slightest chance that Wellings will come back here to-night?"

"Not the faintest, I should say," was the answer. "Indeed, I am very much afraid the roads won't be navigable for some days—that we are prisoners, in fact."

"The deuce! Then what are we to do with that girl?"

"Well—if we can't get out, I suppose she can't get out either."

"Humph! It's confoundedly awkward."

"I quite agree with you. It is very awkward."

There was a short pause; then Carruthers said:

"Curious that you should know her people."

"Yes, it was curious," replied Darrell, as he struck a match.

"She seems a nice little thing," went on the other. "Awfully young, too, and not bad-looking."

Darrell made no reply. He was lying back in his chair, watching the blue rings of smoke curl upwards to the rafter-bound ceiling.

"How do the rations stand?" he asked suddenly.

"Phew! I don't know!" exclaimed Gilbert, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and sitting up straight in his chair. "Now that I come to think of it, there can't be a superabundance, or Wellings wouldn't have trudged to Princestown in the teeth of a coming storm. Old dunce! as if he couldn't have seen to things sooner," he muttered, resuming his former position.

"Well, we must inspect the supplies in the morning," said Darrell tranquilly. "By Jove, how the wind whistles!"

"Yes, and the snow is up to the ledges of the windows already," returned the other, "at least, it was steadily progressing that way when I opened the back door. Heaven knows how high it'll be before morning. It's an awful pity we didn't go last week, Lance, I knew this would come."

"In which case poor Miss Heath would most certainly have been frozen to death," Darrell answered quietly.

Carruthers looked serious.

"Ah, yes, I forgot that," he said. "Poor little girl, yes, of course."

Meanwhile Leslie Heath, in the seclusion of her room (or rather, to speak more correctly, Captain Darrell's room) was inspecting her quarters with some curiosity.

It was a good-sized room, quite as large as the sitting-room, uncarpeted, and of severe, almost military simplicity in its appointments.

It looked very cosy, however, in the light of the roaring heaped-up fire, which blazed in the wide grate, and shone brightly on the bare walls and on the bars of the narrow brass bedstead.

A gun-case and a battered portmanteau, almost covered with half-effaced labels, occupied one corner of the room, and a couple of tweed coats, smelling strongly of tobacco, hung behind the door.

Tired and cold though she was, a wild desire to scream with laughter took possession of the girl as she noted the arrangements made for her comfort.

A large bath was placed immediately in front of the fire, and beside it stood a can of steaming hot water. A pile of clean towels lay on a chair.

"Six—no, seven," murmured Leslie, counting them in much amusement.

On the bed was conspicuously displayed a masculine dressing-gown, warm and gray and soft.

As this last met her view, Leslie abandoned herself to the agonies of noiseless laughter.

"Poor fellows!" she said half aloud, "how good of them, and yet—how very funny!"

Here she choked again.

"Oh, what would Aunt Priscilla say! How nice they are—especially Captain Darrell. And how very strange that I should make his acquaintance in such an outrageous way. Old enough to be my father, he said. Well, he does not look it. I wonder how much brandy he put in this," regarding with much distaste the tumbler she had just set down.

She took off her drenched little gown, and her equally drenched boots and stockings, and having put them to dry, brushed out her hair with an ivory-backed brush on which an inextricable silver monogram flourished, baffling all her efforts to decipher it.

Then she examined a little pile of books which lay on the mantelpiece, consisting of a couple of French novels, a railway time-table, and a small morocco-bound Bible.

On the fly-leaf of this last was plainly written:

"Lancelot E. Darrell, from his loving mother."

It was his room, then, the girl thought with a curious sense of satisfaction. At this point she became aware that she was feeling rather sleepy; so she obeyed Darrell's instructions to the letter, extinguished the candle, jumped into bed, and in two minutes was fast asleep.

When she awoke the fire was out, and the room in darkness; so she promptly went to sleep again.

From this sleep she was awakened by footsteps passing her door, and by the sound of subdued voices. She got out of bed, lit her candle, and looked at her watch.

It was twenty minutes to twelve. Surely it must be more than that, she thought in some perplexity.

She felt as if she had been asleep for a long time. All at once she became conscious of a strong, pervading odor of newly-made coffee, mingled with the appetising fragrance of fried bacon.

Was it possible it could be nearly twelve noon? She drew aside the window-blind, and looked out.

It was pitch dark. Much puzzled, she examined the clothes she had hung to the fire. They felt quite dry. By this she knew that many hours must have elapsed.

Besides, the room felt so cold that she also knew the fire must have been out for some time.

Like a flash, it occurred to her that the snow had risen above the windows, that, in fact, they were literally snowed up!

She made a hurried toilette, then, candle in hand, she went out into the little hall. At the same moment a door opposite opened, and Carruthers came out.

"Good-morning, Miss Heath," he said. "Darrell and I were just holding a council of war as to whether or not we ought to let you know that in spite of the darkness, it is time you had some breakfast."

"Oh, we are snowed up, then?" she said in a troubled voice.

"Very much so," was the laughing reply.

"Good-morning, Miss Heath," said Darrell, as the girl advanced into the room. "How did you sleep? I trust you are none the worse for your wetting?" he added, with a shade of anxiety.

"I slept very well," she answered slowly. "And I am not a bit the worse. Is it still snowing?"

"I am afraid so. Come and have some breakfast. I am sure you must want it."

"We kept yours warm for you," said Carruthers, carefully lifting a covered dish from before the fire. "We must apologize for being rude enough not to wait for you, but we were awfully hungry—at least I was."

"Well, so am I," confessed Miss Heath, seating herself at the table, and accepting a plate of bacon from Carruthers and a cup of coffee from Darrell. "But," she said suddenly, with a funny little smile and uplifting of her eyebrows, "has your servant come back? And if he has not—who cooked the bacon and made the coffee?"

"We did," replied Carruthers with pardonable pride. "At least, I fried the bacon and Darrell made the coffee. He says the bacon is done to death, and I say the coffee is muddy. What do you say?"

"I say they are both delicious," said the girl demurely. "I do wish I had seen you—as cooks, I mean," she added with a rippling little laugh.

"There is every probability that you may see us in that engaging capacity for some days to come," said Darrell rather ruefully.

"Some days?" she echoed, setting down her cup in dismay. "Do you mean to say I can't go home even to-day?"

Instead of answering, Darrell pointed to the window, where the prospect was black indeed, being simply Egyptian darkness.

"Do you know how far you are from The Grange?" he said then, looking at her with amused, kindly eyes. "Quite five miles. Look how the snow has drifted already; and it is still snowing."

"Oh, Aunt Priscilla will be quite crazy," said poor Leslie in a despairing kind of way. "And what a nuisance I shall be to you both!"

"Do you think so?" said Darrell gravely, as he slowly took her cup. "That is very unkind of you. Have some more coffee?"

"Let me take Miss Heath up to the loft, and show her the promising state of the surrounding country," suggested Carruthers, when the visitor had resolutely refused any further nourishment.

"But—the table! It must be cleared," she said reprovingly.

"Oh, yes, of course," he replied in doubtful tones. "Come on, Darrell!"

"I shall help," said Miss Heath, who had thrown care and Aunt Priscilla to the winds, and was beginning to enjoy herself immensely. "Where is the kitchen?" she continued, seizing the coffee-pot. "You lead the way with the lamp, please, Mr. Carruthers!"

The kitchen was in a state of indescribable confusion. Plates, knives, pans, etc., were thrown about impartially on chairs, table, and floor.

A cheery fire was burning, however, and threw an air of rollicking joviality over the whole scene.

"Put them down anywhere," said Darrell, recklessly depositing on the nearest chair the cup and saucer and plate he carried.

"Oh no," remonstrated Leslie, "they must be washed and put away."

"Washed!" echoed both of the men helplessly.

"Of course," was the inflexible reply, as the speaker invested herself in a large white apron, which, by the way, was most becoming.

"Oh, I say, not just now, Miss Heath," entreated Carruthers pathetically. "There are lots of clean ones about somewhere, and you've no idea how awfully done up we both are. Why, lighting these fires alone—not to mention the cooking—took us a good hour. Darrell used more bad language over the sitting-room fire this morning than I've heard him give way to all the years I've known him."

They all laughed, and Leslie, with a disapproving shake of her curly head, began in a deft, delightfully business-like way, to reduce the scattered dishes, etc., to some kind of order, while the two men seated themselves on the partially-cleared table, and watched her with combined interest and amusement.

"Now we must have some hot water," announced this new autocrat of the kitchen. "We can't wash dishes in cold water, you know," she proceeded kindly to explain.

"Why not?" Carruthers ventured to inquire.

But Miss Heath did not answer. She was rummaging in a drawer for towels. She looked quite at home, and as busy and happy as possible.

So her two slaves meekly got off the table, filled up the kettle, and replenished the fire.

"While it is heating I shall go up with you to the loft," Leslie said graciously. "Perhaps it has left off snowing. What a dear little house it is," she exclaimed, as, after a short inspection of the tiny dwelling—which was all on one floor, bungalow fashion—they prepared to climb to the ladder leading to the loft.

"You are right," acquiesced Darrell reflectively, "it is small, and, yes—it is most certainly dear. Give me your hand, Miss Heath, and mind your head on that heavy beam."

"Dear me, daylight comes on one quite with a shock," said the girl, blinking her eyes a little. "Oh, oh!" she went on in dismayed tones, as she took a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country from the small sloping skylight, through whose crevices the snow whirled in merrily. "Why, I can see nothing but snow! No road—and what a black sky, as if it might snow for weeks. Oh I shall never get home. This is terrible!" she concluded despairingly, all her gay spirits deserting her.

"Never is a long day," said Darrell encouragingly. "We will hope for better things. You had better come down now, Miss Heath; it is far too cold for you up here."

So they descended to the kitchen again, and with more zeal than discretion on the part of two of the performers, washed and dried the dishes, thereby breaking two plates, and cracking a tumbler.

When this laborious occupation was over, it was discovered that the sitting-room fire had quietly gone out, and by the time it was lighted again Carruthers suggested that they should have something to eat.

"We don't want to cook anything, you know," he said gleefully. "There's a cold pie and things in the larder."

So they had the "cold pie and things," washed down by a bottle of Burgundy, and felt much refreshed and invigorated thereby.

Then Carruthers went up to the loft again to reconnoitre, and came back with the mingled tidings that it had stopped snowing, but was freezing hard.

"Then we must get the door open, and try to clear some of the snow from the windows," said Darrell; "for this prolonged lamp-light is rather depressing."

After some time, and with considerable difficulty, they got the door open, and set to work with a will.

Meanwhile Leslie, left to her own devices, put her own room to rights, made up the fires, and explored the larder.

There was plenty of bacon, another cold pie, and an apple tart, besides a couple of fowls, and a fair supply of nice tinned meats.

There were also two tins of condensed milk, and a jar of Liebig; half a dozen loaves, but no butter, and no vegetables whatever. Coffee there was in abundance.

Shortly after dusk, the windows were comparatively clear; and when the men came in, cold and hungry, half an hour or so later, they exclaimed with pleasure at the inviting aspect of the kitchen, which was in a state of rampant neatness and illumined by a roaring fire.

A dainty little figure half-concealed in an enormous white apron was flitting about, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and an air of gleeful, childlike importance.

"Oh, there you are," it said as they entered. "How cold you both look! I was just coming to ask if you would mind having dinner or supper, or whatever it is to be, here; it is so warm and cosy, and will save ever so much trouble, not to mention coals. Because you know" she added with an adorable seriousness, "we must be careful of them."

"So we must," acquiesced Carruthers gravely. "Besides, it will be twice as jolly here. Let me light the lamp, Miss Heath."

They all helped to get the somewhat heterogeneous evening meal ready, and when it was all over they drew round the fire in quite a cosy friendly fashion.

Leslie insisted that her kind hosts should smoke their cigars or pipes as usual.

"Just as if I weren't here, you know," she said coaxingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLD BLASTS.

The cold in St. Petersburg is at times too intense for any outdoor amusement. Last year, for example, a brilliant fete on the ice had to be put off three or four times in succession owing to the cold, the thermometer registering no less than 25.6 degrees below zero.

It is on days like these that one realizes what a northern winter is generally supposed to be, when all schools are closed, the university unvisited by professors and students and the churches literally empty.

Generally speaking, when the cold is so intense as 25.6 degrees, there is little or no wind.

This is very fortunate for those unhappy people whom duty or misfortune obliges to be out of doors, for on a day like that the faintest breeze that ever spread its wings would prove sharper than a razor's blade, and mayhap quite as dangerous.

As a rule, however, the day is calm, the air perfectly still and the vault of heaven of a delightful blue.

At such times I have occasionally seen, and more frequently heard of, birds in the air suddenly stopping in their flight and dropping down like stones rigid and cold to the earth below.

I have also come across a far more painful sight—men and horses whose earthly career had been similarly put an end to.

It is often the case with car drivers. Of course, the carmen often drop off asleep during the weary hours of the night while waiting for the fare that never comes, and when the thermometer is at 25 degrees below zero sleep invariably merges into death.

Well-meant efforts are perseveringly made to keep these unfortunate men from being mortally frozen.

Immense fires, for example, like the funeral pyres of old, are lighted in all the frequented streets, and kept burning night and day, the red glow of the coal and wood fire forming a charming contrast to the white glistening sheet of snow, especially when twilight, the "parent of dim enchantments," heralds in the night.

But in spite of all precautions every winter a large number of drivers are found frozen in their droschkys by shivering policemen—themselves but a few removes from death's door.

Naturally people try to keep within doors when the mercury gets below twenty degrees, for, in spite of their northern climate, educated Russians are incomparably more sensitive to the cold than we are.

This, of course, is the inevitable result of the enervating training they receive. Brought up, as they are, in houses built with a special eye to warmth, and in rooms heated by Cyclopean stoves, which maintain a temperature varying from sixty to seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit, once they sally forth from these hot houses in winter they are wrapped up in furs, goat's hair kerchiefs and other articles of apparel to such an extent that their own mothers would not recognize them.

There is, however, one absurd idea in connection with a Russian winter, which should be exploded once for all.

I allude to the alleged frequency with which a perfect stranger, generally a peasant, will sidle up to an unsuspecting passer-by, and, snatching up a handful of fine snow, will set to work, without a word of warning, and scrub his cheeks and rub and pull his nose till they have changed their white color for a ruddier hue, which would be very embarrassing if it only lasted. Now, I have spent many winters in this country, and had favorable opportunities for observing exciting incidents of this kind if they occurred, yet I have never once seen anything answering to the description nor met a man who had. A. T.

As the hair has a shadow, so the slightest disease of the scalp threatens the hair. Put the scalp in healthy condition by the use of **Warner's Log Cabin HAIR TONIC** It restores the hair and has no equal.

Scientific and Useful.

TOUGHENING PAPER.—A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather has been recently introduced on the Continent; it consists of mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making boxes, combs, for roofing and even for making boats.

WOOL AND MOTHS.—For the effectual protection of woolen goods against moths the use of cedar-wood boxes and closets is insufficient, and it is stated that there is no other means of protection against the ravages of the insects but to perfectly inclose the woolens in material which is not attacked by the moth, such as cotton cloth. Woolen goods brushed clean from dust, folded together and put into cotton bags which were well tied, have been found perfectly intact when taken out at the change of the season.

HAND GRENADES.—A physician writes, that the solution used in the hand-grenades now offered so extensively for sale is easily and cheaply made by taking twenty pounds of common salt, ten pounds of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist) and dissolve in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room of the house. In case of a fire one or two bottles should be thrown with force into the burning place, hard enough to break them, and the fire will certainly be extinguished.

HARMONIZING.—A convenient preparation for rebronzing gas-fixtures is made by mixing bronze powder with any transparent varnish—say amber, gum damar or copal. Do not mix more than you are going to use at once, because most bronze powders act as powerful dryers, and what you have left of the mixture soon becomes hard and useless. It is best to put little of the varnish in a small, flat saucer, and some of the loose powder next to it, and mix with the brush while you are using it, as a painter mixes colors on his palette.

LIT UP.—Some German doctors have devised an instrument for illuminating from the outside some of the cavities of the body such as the larynx and nose. The instrument is a polished glass rod, to one end of which a small electric incandescent lamp is attached. The light of the lamp is reflected equally through the whole glass rod to its other end, which is placed on the skin of the throat in the case of a laryngoscopical examination being required. Then the interior of the larynx becomes illuminated sufficiently for laryngoscopy. If this luminous glass rod is applied to the sclerotic, the interior of the eyeball can be examined in the same way as by using an ophthalmoscope. As the glass rod remains cold it can be employed in operative surgery to light the natural and artificial cavities.

Farm and Garden.

HAWKS.—A hawk usually alights before attempting to catch a chick in order to make observation. Fasten a steel trap on a tall pole, and the chances are that the hawk will alight thereon and be caught.

FENCES.—The smaller the field the more fence required and the more land taken from cultivation. The more oblong the field, the more fence required to enclose a given area; conversely, the nearer a square is the field the less fence is required.

CHANGE OF SOIL.—A complete change of the soil in flower-pots is sometimes necessary, and will enable a plant to secure more food and grow better. If the same soil is used too long it may become unfit for the health of the plants, as well as harbor worms and parasitic insects.

NOTHING NEW.—The farmer who thinks there can be nothing new in agriculture should remember that thirty or forty years ago his grandfather thought the same way. It is a fact, agriculture has made more advancement during the past ten years than in any other ten years of the world's history.

PIGS.—Very often the opinion prevails that most any kind of quarters are good enough for the pigs. Other animals are given plenty room and plenty of fresh air, while the pigs are huddled in close and crowded pens. Make the hog houses roomy and construct it in such a way as to admit the light.

VERMIN.—Plant lice of all kinds, and many other insects can be destroyed by the kerosene emulsion, or mixture of kerosene and soap. It can be prepared by taking soft soap one quart, or hard brown soap, or what is still better, whale oil soap, one-fourth pound; two quarts hot water, and one pint kerosene. Stir till all are permanently mixed. Then to one part of this mixture add fifteen parts of water. A force pump is the best thing to apply it with.

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THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 6, 1889.

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Peculiar People.

There was once, and probably is still, a set or sect of people in a certain country who laid good claim to the distinctive title of being peculiar. In their small, ignorant way they are very peculiar.

The great world outside their little circle, entirely ignoring its own vagaries of thought and conduct, denounces them as stupid—a sort of fanatics, who walk in the feeble light of their own making.

All which, no doubt, in a certain sense is true, for it appears that, allied to some curious theological notions they have, these people have no belief in the curative powers of medicine, and in the hour of sickness scornfully refuse the ministrations of the professors of the healing art.

In such a case their cardinal doctrine is that if the patient cannot be cured by faith he cannot be cured at all—the resources of science and experience are unavailing, and the sufferer ought calmly to "yield to time and mortal custom."

He must be dull, indeed, who cannot perceive that we may take these people as a choice sample of some others in the world.

The truth is, that all of us are peculiar in our ways and idiosyncracies—some of us more so than others, because more demonstrative—which facts give some color to the assertion that all mankind, at some time or other of their lives, are mad upon some particular point.

That may be so, for does not the sun, the source of all life on our planet, have his aberrations? Do not astronomers tell us that this very year he is playing fantastic tricks with himself?

If, then, that great luminary is occasionally eccentric, how can poor man, dressed up for the fitful fever of a few years' existence, help being so also?

But we apprehend that madness or lunacy, however temporary, is not the proper term for phases of behavior that are, if not universal, at the least general. The word "peculiar" seems more applicable—it sounds better.

And if we examine the subject with the respectful consideration it demands, we shall not be long in arriving at the conclusion that every individual, every man, woman and child, is peculiar. Races are peculiar, also nations.

Peculiarities run through the entire social, moral and mental characteristics of the commonwealth of mankind. Should we attempt to go deeply into details, depend upon it we should soon stop, startled at even the superficial results.

We have the sense to wear veils of all kinds and hues, and to put some decent restraint upon our natural tendency to exuberate, but for all that we are very peculiar.

It would be instructive if we now and then glanced at the instances abounding on every side of us.

What is society but a condition made up of very peculiar institutions? Outwardly all is smooth and harmonious, but inwardly the most active antagonisms are at work. And the whole structure is held together by the very discordances and conflicting interests of which it is built.

They gravitate to a common centre; but the individual characteristics, whether good or bad, are always prominent. And not to offend our self-complacency, we politely call them peculiarities. They begin in childhood, and only end with the last scene of all.

But perhaps it is the faculty of being peculiar, or rather, having peculiarities, which makes what we style character, and imparts stamina to our respective individualities. If that is so, it is a blessed privilege to be peculiar, and we ought to prize it accordingly.

Peculiarity is the keystone that binds the human arch. Still, we are inclined to think—all due deference being paid to theory and fact—that many of our peculiarities are not pretty, many of them are hard and angular, and a good many more of them might be profitably improved out of sight.

We are so far thorough going optimists as to believe that the great bulk of our peculiarities are far from being bad. Many are Christian and noble; there are "sermons in stones and good in everything;" but we must protest against them that warp the heart and dwarf the understanding.

It is all very well for the present in those who are very weak to be peculiar; but if the peculiarity is serious or wrong, the sooner those in its thrall are educated out of it the better it will be for them and those succeeding them.

An eccentricity is rarely a virtue. To maintain its identity there must be gross ignorance or intense selfishness; generally both are found in nourishing conjunction.

Therefore, the very peculiar people to whom we would specially allude are not those who invite either respect or affection. On the contrary they are repellant—obnoxious to the higher sentiments of cultivated humanity.

What discord should we bring into the universe if our prayers were all answered! Then we should govern the world, and not God. And do you think we should govern it better? It gives me only pain when I hear the long, wearisome petitions of men asking for they know not what. As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers. Thanksgiving with a full heart; and the rest, silence and submission to the Divine Will.

Vice is ever seeking to poison the beauty of virtue. The vicious man, when looking upon the frank and open countenance of a child, finds something to rebuke the workings of his guilty soul, while the virtuous man sees something in it to love and admire; but in the former the influence too often loses its effects, while the latter feels an elevation of the soul in coming in contact with the innocence and purity of childhood.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion can do for them.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns.

If a man will only start with a fixed and honorable purpose in life, and strictly and persistently attempt to carry it out to the best of his ability, undismayed by failure or delay, the time may be long in coming, but come it will, when that purpose will be achieved.

In the exhaustless catalogue of Heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something, we have reason to believe, of the Divine Spirit; something of that goodness which detects, amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality; something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels; which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and linger on it yet, in pity.

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, if the man was mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

This general cry is against ingratitude; but surely the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

The only way of keeping a secret is to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for consistency in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man may contrive to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear should become a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to talk about such things as it would be to steal the silver, or borrow the books and forget to return them.

How many people would feel aggrieved if they were told that in future each day, for them, would be shortened by two or three hours. Yet how continually do they recklessly throw away as much and more time every day of their lives, as if for them it were without value!

There is enough in the world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard and uneven roads; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk thereon with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

Hours have wings and fly up to the Author of Time, and carry news of our usage; all our prayers cannot entreat one of them to return or slacken his pace; the ill usage of every minute is a new record against us in heaven.

A sudden thought—a happy hit—we are too apt to call a lucky one. Will it be the worse if we give it a better name, and say it is a gift! The thankfulness implied in gift may make it a blessing.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

People do not persist in their vices because they are not weary of them, but because they cannot leave them off. It is the nature of vice to leave us no resource but in itself.

When a man has no longer any conception of excellence above his own, his voyage is done, he is dead—dead in the trespasses and sin of blear-eyed vanity.

Life often seems but a long shipwreck, of which the debris are friendship, glory and love; the shores of our existence are strewn with them.

Now is always the very best time, if we make it so.

The World's Happenings.

The dog tax adds $30,000 a year to Connecticut's treasury.

In Savannah, Ga., negro laborers refuse to work with Italians.

A Norwalk, Conn., man has squandered $300,000 in three years.

A New York lady was lately seen with a tiny watch in the back of her glove.

Two aged inmates of the Ramsey county, Minn., Poor House eloped recently.

Near Cheyenne, W. T., is a horse farm of 120,000 acres, on which are 8,000 horses.

A new cannon made for a Russian ironclad throws a solid shot weighing 1085 pounds.

A bill "to regulate the sale of horseflesh for human food" is before the English Parliament.

A Hungarian woman lately had a sneezing spell which, it is reported, lasted for more than 24 hours.

A messenger "boy" aged 70 is said to be in the employ of the Western Union Company at Bradford, Conn.

Since 1871 2,500,000 Germans have quit the Fatherland. Of this great host 2,000,000 have came to America.

"English fakirs paint sparrows yellow and sell them for canaries." So says the queerest of the current items.

A New York grocer advertises his business by stencilling his name and address in red ink on every egg he sells.

A bridegroom at Monroe, Ga., being without money, gave the justice a little rabbit dog which he had with him.

There are in Vienna at present six companies who make a business of hiring out steam boilers to small manufacturers.

It costs $35,000,000 to govern London, with a population of 4,000,000, and it costs $30,000,000 to govern New York, with a population of 1,500,000.

The Empress of Austria carries a traveling basket fitted up so that she is able to make soup on the cars. It has silver saucepans with gold handles.

A Chicago baby—little Julia Orine Baker—smilingly exhibited at birth a nice upper row of six front teeth and four perfect ones on the lower gums.

A Burlington, Iowa, man, who had been reporter, editor, sheriff and chief of police by turns, was bunkoed out of $5,000 recently by a very shallow device.

An indication of the growth of the morphine craze is given by a Portland, Me., manufacturer, who has made and sold 35,000 hypodermic needles since 1885.

The Connecticut Legislature has passed a law making the tapping of a telephone wire a misdemeanor, evidence for a recent divorce suit having been gained in that way.

An oyster recently dredged up in English waters measured 7 inches in length, the same in breadth, and 20½ inches around the outside edge, and weighed 3½ pounds.

To such an extent do paradoxes prevail in Holland that even cows' tails grow upward, for, with a view of cleanliness, the tail is tied up to a ring in the roof of the stable.

A wealthy New York physician, while riding about in his carriage on sick calls, entertains himself by jingling a lot of uncut diamonds, rubies and emeralds in his hands.

A cellar full of good cider proved very handy for quenching a fire that broke out in Edward Bliss' house, at Brimfield, Mass., during a recent cold spell, the pump being frozen.

It is said that a busy doctor not far away sent in a certificate of death to the Health Officer and inadvertently placed his name in the space for "cause of death." This is what might be called accidental exactness.

A horse down town that graduated from the coal business evidently hasn't realized the fact yet, for several times a day it vexes its new owner—a huckster—and interferes with foot travel by backing on to the pavement.

In San Francisco last week a man and his wife lost their minds through the excessive use of morphine and cocaine, and were sent to a hospital for the insane. Oftentimes the husband's cocaine bill amounted to $4 per day.

A Staten Island man counts his coffin among his household effects. He spent two weeks constructing it, and he now uses it as a sort of wardrobe, keeping it in the entry close to an old-fashioned clock that looks a good deal like a companion burial casket.

Saloon keepers in Grass Valley, Cal., lately organized a "trust," and raised the price of beer to 10 cents a glass. Then a new comer opened a saloon, and, with the beverage at 5 cents, did a land-office business until the "trust" made it worth his while to leave town.

A young woman of Ridgeway, Canada, has had the banns of matrimony between herself and two of her lovers read in the parish church, the clergyman having decided that she is free to choose between them at the altar. This is a new and startling departure in weddings.

Enterprise, even though it be of a funereal kind, is always appreciated in the West. And so there is not a little subdued rejoicing among the live citizens of Chadron, Nebraska, because that town can now support a hearse. The first funeral at which the vehicle was used occurred a few days ago.

A strange accident recently befell a young French lady, the niece of the Mayor of Cherveux. She was playing with a little child on her lap when she suddenly threw back her head and remained motionless. A hair-pin had penetrated her skull. She never recovered consciousness, and died soon afterward.

AWAKE.

BY MAGGIE D. WILLIAMS.

Awake, my darling, awake!
The day is dawning so bright,
That soon the earth will be in a flood
Of the sun's warm rosy light!

The sweetest of perfumes is wafted
On the gentle morning breeze,
And the birds have commenced to sing
All gaily among the trees.

My lips, too, could join the chorus,
If you would but heed my call;
Awake, then, my darling, awake before
From the rose the dewdrops fall.

But amidst these joys of nature
My heart seems ready to break;
Oh! listen, my love, 'tis the dawn of day,
Awake, my darling, awake!

One of the Many.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

THEY had been married for rather more than a year—Jim Carrol and his pretty little wife—and their baby daughter was two months old.

He was a fine fellow was Jim—well set-up, and good to look at; chivalrous, honest and upright as the day.

But though he came of good old stock—of which he was the last—he was only a salary, which of course he might lose with clerk in an architects office, with a miserable his situation any day.

It will be clear, I hope, to the meanest understanding, that under these circumstances he had not the smallest right to think of matrimony.

So when he had the audacity to propose for Marjory Linton, neice and ward of the pompous and wealthy old Joseph Linton, of Manchester, that old gentleman gave him a very short shrift, and promptly showed him the door.

And when, a month later, pretty independent Marjory ran away with this same handsome, impecunious Jim Carrol, her irate uncle—to use his own expressions—"washed his hands of her, and closed his doors against her and her husband for ever."

At this terrible sentence Marjory did not trouble herself very much; nor did her husband allow it to effect his peace or his mind.

He was too happy to care whether all the rich old men in Europe closed their doors against him.

They lived in a tiny house with a red-bricked pointed-gabled terrace at Camberwell: and they had enough to pay the rent, and to make ends meet generally, especially after the baby came.

But they loved each other passionately, and that made things easier.

Marjory was the most sunny-hearted and hopeful of little women; and she was quite sure that some day, Dornton and Cox—awakening to a sense of Jim's abilities—would take him into partnership, and make his fortune.

But, alas! for Marjory's dreams, on the particular evening on which this story opens, Carrol was wending his way homewards dejectedly enough; for Dornton and Cox, having had heavy losses lately, were reducing their staff of clerks; and among those dismissed to-day was James Carrol. Jim felt stunned and bewildered; for situations were not so plentiful as blackberries in London in 1894, any more than they are now.

"Oh, Jim, how late you are!" cried little Mrs. Carrol, as she flew to the door to meet her husband. "I thought you were never coming! I had to put the baby to bed at last."

"Had you dear?" he answered absently, as he followed her into the small but cozy sitting-room.

He looked depressed and out of sorts, Marjory thought. Perhaps he had one of his bad headaches.

But like a wise little wife she asked no questions, only poured out his tea, and gave him his slippers.

He did not eat anything, she noted; but sent up his cup to be filled again and again and again, drinking it each time more feverishly.

He was very silent too.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" his wife said in anxious tones.

"Yes, Marjory," he answered with an effort. Then, after a pause, he told her the trouble.

For a moment her sunny face was clouded; this was a contingency which they had never contemplated. Then she said very bravely—

"Never mind, Jim. It will not be difficult for you to get another situation. I see scores of advertisements in the papers every day."

But Carrol was not so sanguine. He was of a more gloomy temperament than Marjory.

He would not be cheered, not even when baby woke up, and smiled and cooed in his face, as was her wont.

"You see, Jim," said Marjory cheerily, "we still have a good part of your last salary. It is not quarter-day yet for a good while; and we can economise in little things. We might let Ann go," (Ann was the small maid-of-all-work); "she is getting very careless; she broke three plates yesterday. If I have a charwoman to come in on Saturdays, I can easily manage the work myself. Baby is so good: and requires so little attention."

Jim put his arm round her as she knelt beside him.

"Dear little woman," he said, "I could not let you do that. Not yet, at least."

They studied the papers diligently day after day.

Carrol answered innumerable advertisements, both by post and personally; but in vain; though he spent an alarming sum in postage stamps, and returned night after night, weary, heartsick and footsore.

The days went on; quarter-day drew near and passed: and the Carrol's little store of money melted away.

The baby had been ill, several tradesmen's bills, small but imperative, had had to be paid.

The weather was oppressively hot and enervating, and Marjory's little face began to look pinched and worn; for the baby was peevish and fretful, requiring constant nursing and attention: and the servant had been dismissed some time ago.

Another week passed.

Jim felt almost desperate, for he could obtain no employment; and to make matters worse, the baby got ill again.

It seemed a kind of wasting, nameless illness.

She cried and wailed night and day, and grew almost hourly more shadowy looking.

The doctor whom Carrol at last called in shook his head, asked a few questions, and advised a change of air, and ordered the young mother to take plenty of nourishing food.

With a view to furthering the latter object—change of air being out of question—Jim pawned his watch and chain.

Poor fellow; he felt shamefaced and embarassed enough as he took the ticket, and buttoned his coat over his now chainless waistcoat.

But the money so obtained kept them going for some little time; and Carrol, meanwhile, did not relax his efforts to obtain employment.

He searched with anxious diligence in each evening's paper the column devoted to vacant situations, and answered several advertisements which seemed singularly suitable.

But those who have studied that column—not for amusement, but for dear life—know that of these advertisements only too many are simply swindles, and that the comparatively few that are bona fide are speedily secured by those who have either the influence or the experience which Jim had not.

He set off every morning for the city, neglected no opportunity, left unturned no stone, but in vain.

He used to dine in town, he told his wife; but in reality nothing passed his lips from the time he went out in the morning until he returned, unsuccessful, hopeless, and exhausted, in the evening.

Marjory never guessed this, and she herself did without absolute necessaries, silently, and with an uncomplaining cheerfulness.

It was a terrible time for them both; perhaps it was the hardest on Jim, for he had not Marjory's elastic hopeful nature, her happy, almost childlike trust and faith that things would be better by and by.

He felt, too, that he had brought her to this life of poverty and privation, which he seemed so powerless to avert; and as he thought of the future—grim and black, and uncheered by any gleam of hope—his heart sickened and died within him.

In September they moved out of their pretty home, to a very small and dingy cottage that stood alone, a little way back from a side street, behind a large timber yard.

It was not an attractive dwelling, but it was very cheap, and the rent of their former house was now out of the question.

To defray the various inevitable expenses connected with the removal, and one or other necessary outlays, they sold some of their furniture, and a few other things besides.

Marjory's jewelry had all gone a long time ago.

One day, in walking westward along Fleet Street, Carrol met an old fellow clerk by name Archie Lyle.

"Hallo, Carrol!" Lyle exclaimed, grasping the former's hand heartily, and turning to walk alongside. "How are you? Have not seen you for a month of Sundays. Why you look down in the mouth, old man. What's up, eh?"

"Nothing particular," replied the other coldly enough, "except that I have been out of a situation since I left Dornton and Cox. Inspecting public buildings—when you have a wife and child to keep on nothing is not a particularly exhilarating or lively occupation," he continued bitterly.

"By Jove, no!" said the other in serious tones.

He was a good-natured, easy-going fellow, who had rarely known the want of a five pound note, and who, as a rule, had only to sit still, and let the things come to him.

"I'm awfully sorry, old fellow," he went on awkwardly. "You know I'll never forget the lift you gave me two years ago. I'm awfully sorry," he continued, with less tact than good nature; "upon my soul, I don't know when I was so hard up as I am this month. Until I get my next quarter's ——"

"Confound you? What are you talking about?" interrupted Carrol haughtily. "Do you take me for a beggar?"

Lyle murmured some confused and awkward apology.

"I don't want your money," Carrol went on in brusque tones. "Can you tell me of anything I can get to do? Anything. I am not proud," he went on with a short laugh.

The other cogitated, then shook his head sadly.

"By the way," he said suddenly, when they had crossed several streets in comparative silence, "you are a good draughtsman, are you not? You have a good idea of plans and all that?"

"I ought to have," returned Carrol dryly "seeing I have been a clerk in an architect's office for the last three years."

"Ah, yes, to be sure. Well, I know designs are wanted for a new hospital somewheres near Manchester. The premium is five hundred dollars. Now—"

"For God's sake, tell me," interrupted the other eagerly and hoarsely, "do you think I have any chance?"

"Well," said Lyle, "I was going to have a try. My father has an idea that I ought to distinguish myself in that line; but I'm an awful duffer on plans—always was. So if you care to go in for it—it's a goodish premium—it might be worth your while. And, by the way, Carrol, don't sign your name: for I believe your wife's uncle is to be one of the judges. He is still no end down on you, and it might make a difference. Best Sign it—oh, anything you like, and send it under cover to me. You can trust me not to father it," he added laughingly. "I'll send you all the particulars to-morrow, and let you know whenever the thing's decided."

"Lyle, I cannot thank you sufficiently," said Carrol, unsteadily, "though I fear I have little chance."

"Pooh!" replied the other in airy tones, "you've as good a chance as any one of the rest."

"How soon must it go in," asked Carrol feverishly.

"Ah, let's see—I think in a fortnight—but I'll let you know."

They were in the Strand by this time, and Lyle stopped at the nearest restaurant for it was past two o'clock.

Carrol declined his companion's invitation to accompany him, and with a grasp of the hand the two men parted.

Jim turned down a side street, and thence through the Embankment gardens to the river.

He did not feel very hopeful, for when the body is weak, the spirit is apt to be weak too; and big, stalwart looking fellow as he was, Carrol had but little stamina; past months of ceaseless anxiety—and lately of almost starvation—had told on him terribly.

He walked slowly along the Embankment, and across Westminster bridge and so on home.

Marjory met him with her usual cheery smile; but he fancied her sweet face was paler and more worn looking than usual and the baby's eyes unnaturally large and bright, seemed to follow him reproachfully.

His wife clapped her hands joyfully, when he told her of Lyle's proposal, and she was so merry and hopeful all the evening that Jim felt his spirits rise.

She prepared a nice little supper for him too; and Jim did not notice for a wonder that one or two of their cherished books had disappeared.

Baby was very good to-night, she did not cry at all; and the evening was the most cheerful they had passed for some time.

In the evening of the following day came the promised letter from Lyle, and as soon as it was light next morning Carrol began his task.

He worked hard and patiently, but he suffered terribly from nervous headaches: he took even less food than usual; and the baby's constant monotonous wail made him sometimes feel as if he were half-crazy.

At last the drawing was finished. Carrol signed it "Isola," care of A. Lyle, Esq., (as his friend had suggested.)

Marjory thought it looked beautiful, and had no doubt of it being successful. But Carrol was not so sanguine.

However, he sent it off at once, and Marjory already began to calculate how long a time must elapse before its fate would be decided.

It was weary waiting, though; and to Jim—aye, and to Marjory too—the once dreaded pawnshop became sadly and painfully familiar.

Meanwhile their baby was slowly but surely fading away from them.

One afternoon Carrol returned somewhat earlier from the city, whither he had been to answer some alluring will-o'-the wisp advertisement.

It was a dull wet day; and when he turned up the narrow street which led to his home, his heart sank with a curious undefined dread.

They had been up with the baby all night; but she had seemed better and brighter when Jim left in the morning.

Marjory met him as she always did at the door. At a glance his fears were quickened.

"What is it?" he said quickly. The child—is it worse?"

"Jim," she answered, looking up at him, with dry, grief stricken eyes; "Jim—the baby is dead!"

He followed her silently to the room where the baby, with waxen features so like his own, lay cold, and still and smiling.

"When?" he asked in a choked, strange voice.

"Just three hours ago," she replied monotonously.

Carrol stood looking down on all that was left to him of his baby daughter, and smoothed the short fluffy hair with a strange wistful look in his dark sunken eyes.

"Poor little thing!" he said sadly and brokenly. "God alone knows what she is spared!"

There was a silence: for Marjory could not speak.

The rain dripped on the window-sill outside; the wind shook the casement, and moaned in the chimney.

Then, with a quick dry sob, Carrol took his wife in his arms; and they mingled their tears together.

A few more days passed and the baby was buried.

Even that was a struggle to the poverty-stricken father and mother.

It was wonderful how they missed the tiny thing—theirs for so short a time—her funny, winning baby ways; and even her fretful peevish cries.

To Marjory, during the long hours when her husband was absent, the house seemed horribly, unnaturally still and desolate.

The weather was wet and chilly; Jim caught a cold which ended in a sharp attack of bronchitis, and left him more spiritless and haggard looking than before. So the autumn dragged on.

At last—one day when even Marjory broke down, and when Jim looked so weak and ill as he set off on his weary and fruitless quest for work, that is almost broke his wife's heart to see him—at last privately, and with many pangs of humbled pride, Mrs. Carrol wrote to her uncle.

She did not tell her husband, for she knew that if she did, nothing would induce him to let the letter go.

The answer came soon enough; and so it chanced that Carrol met the postman at the door, and took the letter from him. He gave it to his wife, and waited while she read it.

Then, seeing her face blanch, he took it from her trembling hands, and with compressed lips glanced at the words it contained. It was short and straight to the point.

"Dear Marjory:—

"If you would like to leave your husband I will take you back to your old home. On no other terms, and in no other way

will I help you. You took your own way and now you may take the consequences.

"Joseph Linton."

It said much for Jim's utter heart sickness, that he did not show even any displeasure at Marjory's having written. He only said gently—

"You should not have asked him, dear."

But passionate little Marjory tore up the letter, and threw it into the fireplace.

It haunted Jim, though. If it were not for him, he thought, wretchedly, his Marjory would be cared for again as she ought to be. He knew her too well to think she would leave him. No words had come of his drawing; he had given up hope; a deadly, horrible depression seemed to have taken possession of him. Every way seemed closed to him—save one.

"Dear," he said one night with an effort—they had been sitting silent for a long time in this dismantled little sitting-room—"would you like—to go back—to Manchester?"

"What, without you, Jim?" she cried, with incredulous amazement in her tired little voice.

"Yes," —very steadily.

"Ah, Jim,"—in tones of keen reproach—"do you want me to go?"

"My darling, you need not ask me that," —and Jim's voice shook slightly. "But—it would be better—for you!"

"Ah, my dear," she said with an attempt at her old sauciness, "you need not hint; you can't get rid of me. Don't think it!"

Then she suddenly laid her curly head on his knee, and began to cry.

"Oh, Jim," she sobbed, "don't send me away! How can you speak so? You break my heart! Ah, darling, you could not do without me, could you?"

"God forgive me, no," he answered hoarsely. "You are all I have!" As he spoke he drew her into his arms, and held her against his breast. She clung to him, sobbing passionately, for a long time.

"Marjory," he said suddenly, "have you had anything to eat to-day? For you ate nothing this morning."

"Yes, dear, of course I have," she answered, sitting up, and drying her tears.

"What had you?"—noting with a pang how wan and weak she looked, and what heavy shadows laye under her sweet brown eyes.

"Oh, all I wanted."

"I know what that means," he said, in low, agitated tones. "Child you are starving yourself to death! I am killing you—you my little Marjory, who are dearer to me than my own soul! You are dying before my eyes—as our own baby died—and I can do nothing—nothing! Oh, my God—this is torture!" And laying his head down on his arms on the table, he, too, sobbed—a man's heavy, heart-rending sob, tearless and bitter.

In an instant Marjory's arms were round his neck, her lips resting on his dark bent head.

"Hush, dear boy, hush," she said, in her quaint little motherly way. "You are talking nonsense, dear. I haven't the slightest thought of dying, you foolish Jim. Don't, my dear, don't!" she went on imploringly. But Carrol's self-control seemed to have deserted him utterly; and for a time his agitation was terrible.

Then there was a long silence, broken at last by Marjory's voice in anxious tones—

"You have eaten nothing to-day, Jim, I am quite sure; and you are quite faint and worn-out."

"My darling, I could not eat," he answered wearily, raising his head and leaning back in his chair. (There were only two chairs in the room now, and very little else.)

Marjory's soft brown eyes filled again with tears; but she resolutely winked them away, and said, trying to smile—"We will make up for lost time, and have some supper. Then things will look brighter. I have an idea, do you know, that our luck is going to take a turn."

Jim smiled faintly; his ideas pointed in a diametrically opposite direction.

"And therefore," Majory went on, with a gaiety the more touching to Jim because he knew it was assumed for his sake, "we will go out and buy something for supper, my dear Jim. A great fellow like you cannot possibly live on bread and tea—and not much of that—as you have been doing. Now I wonder"—looking round the room meditatively,—"if there is nothing more we can put away?" (They always called it "putting away.")

Carrol did not speak. He could not, just then. Marjory stole softly upstairs to their bedroom, and slowly opened a small box which stood there.

It contained nothing of much value, seemingly. Only a few baby clothes, and a tarnished silver rattle, of which latter the tiny bells tinkled merrily as Marjory lifted it. Her tears fell thick and fast as she rubbed the pretty toy with an old glove until it shone quite brightly in the dim candlelight.

Then she went downstairs. Jim was still sitting where she had left him, but he turned as she came in, and shivered slightly; for the night was chilly, and a fire was a luxury not to be thought of. She held the rattle out to him silently.

"Oh, Marjory, not that—I can't!" he said hoarsely, hiding his face in his hands.

"Yes, dear," said the sweet unsteady little voice. "We—we——" She stopped uncertainly, and, to her husband's terror and dismay, fainted suddenly and quietly away in his arms.

The next day Carrol himself wrote to old Joseph Linton. His letter was returned—unopened!

* * * * * *

"Post these letters for me, King—will you?" said Archie Lyle, one October forenoon. "I'm off in a tearing hurry to catch a train. Don't forget them, there's a good fellow."

"All right," said the young man addressed; and he put the letters carelessly into the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"Hang it all!" King said to himself the next day, "I've forgotten to post Lyle's letters. However, I don't suppose it matters much. He'll be none the wiser." He dropped them into the first pillar-box he came to, and lighting a cigar, sauntered on his way.

On the morning of this same day Carrol and his wife were standing, pale and silent, at the window of their sitting-room. They were watching for the postman. They had watched for him unspokenly, feverishly, despairingly, for many days. Soon they heard the sharp rat-tat on the doors in the distance. He came nearer. He knocked at the door of the house nearest theirs. Then—he passed on!

"Oh, Jim!" said the little wife despairingly.

Carrol was white to his very lips.

"Never mind, childie," he said, putting his arm round her, and trying to speak steadily.

"Oh, my dear, I can't help it," she sobbed.

There was a long pause; then Marjory said, almost cheerily: "perhaps if you went to Mr. Lyle, he could tell you, Jim——"

"I did go, Marjory, yesterday," he interrupted her quietly, "but he has gone from home for a fortnight. If my drawing had been successful, he would have written before he left. Try not to grieve, darling; it can't be helped," Jim went on, with a sickly smile. "We must try something to-day."

"Perhaps there will be a letter to-night," said Marjory with renewed hope, as she bid her husband good-bye at the door.

Jim came home about six, looking terribly weary and depressed. He had been unsuccessful—once more.

"No letters yet, dear," said his wife, hastening to answer the unspoken question in his eyes. As she spoke they heard the postman's knock in the distance; it came nearer—and died away.

"Perhaps there will be one in the morning," Marjory went on; but her voice faltered.

In the morning! Another long, awful, sleepless night of hoping against hope, of maddening, steadily-growing despair! Jim shuddered. He was worn out, physically and mentally; and he felt as though he could not stand the sickening suspense longer.

As he looked at his wife, her wan, changed little face, with its pale ghost of a smile, seemed to pierce his heart.

A strange, terrible, determined look settled round his mouth; but Marjory was leaning her curly head against his arm, and did not see his face.

The room was quite dark now, but they were still standing at the window. For a time Carrol was very still. Then he said—

"I am very tired, Marjory darling. I will lie down for a while. Don't disturb me. I—I didn't sleep last night" (nor for many nights, he might have added).

"But won't you have a cup of tea first, Jim?"

"No, I don't care for any."

"A long sleep will do you good, dear," she said, anxiously and caressingly. "You look dreadful!"

"Yes," he answered, in a strangely quiet voice, "a long sleep will do me good." Then suddenly, "Kiss me, Marjory!"

"Ah, my own dear disappointed boy!" she cried, throwing her arms around him.

He held her to him tightly, and kissed her again and again.

"My darling!" he said hoarsely. "My own darling!"

Then he let her go, and went away. She heard him go upstairs and his footsteps echo in the room above.

Marjory sat at the window for a long, long time; and watched the stars grow brighter and clearer in the soft dark sky. Somewhere in the distance a street-organ was wailing out an old hackneyed waltz-tune. It stirred her heart strangely. She remembered dancing that waltz with Jim, so very, very long ago—it seemed long ago, like every thing else that was bright and hopeful. Even Marjory's brave little heart was heavy to-night. What would become of them, she wondered? God only knew.

The clock in a neighbouring church-tower boomed out on the night air; and as the last stroke died away there was a sharp knock at the door. It was the postman.

Marjory took the one letter he held out to her; and closing the door again, she went back to the sitting room. With trembling fingers she lighted the candle, and examined the envelope eagerly.

Yes—it was Mr. Lyle's hand-writing! Marjory knew it without difficulty, for it was a peculiar hand.

With a beating heart she stole upstairs—she did not take the candle, for fear of waking Jim, should he be asleep—and peeped into the bedroom.

All was still. In the pale starlight she could just make out the dim outline of his figure on the bed.

"Jim!" she whispered.

No answer. He was evidently asleep.

Ah! it seemed a pity to wake him, she thought; after all, the letter perhaps held bad news.

She softly laid a shawl over him in the semi-darkness, and crept downstairs again.

After looking at the fateful envelope for some time, she slowly opened it. She could not wait; and she knew Jim would not mind.

In another moment she uttered a little glad involuntary cry, and her lips parted in a joyful half-incredulous smile. Could it be possible!

Yes—Jim's design had been selected as the best; the premium would be his!

And this was not the only good news the letter contained; for Lyle went on to say that he had heard of a vacant appointment, which he thought he could—through his father's influence—secure for Carrol.

Marjory hid her face in her hands; for a moment the revulsion of feeling was almost too much. Then in a passion of tears and thankfulness she fell on her knees. But she could only say, "Thank God! Thank God!"

An hour passed. The moon was drifting among the stars, and streaming in through the uncurtained window, on Marjory's face wet with happy tears. The candle had burnt itself out.

Ah, what a joyous waking Jim's would be! Should she lay the letter on his pillow, to surprise him when he woke? Or should she rouse him? Perhaps he was already awake.

She lit a fresh bit of candle, and still holding the precious letter, went upstairs. She laid the candle down just outside the bedroom door and entered very gently.

How deadly still the room was!

"Jim!" she said softly.

But Jim did not answer. How soundly he slept!

Marjory came nearer, and bent over him in the throbbing darkness. The moon had hidden herself behind one solitary cloud.

"Jim!"—a little louder.

Still that strang weird hush. A vague fear stirred her heart. She did not even hear him breathe. What if he had fainted?

The moon sailed out again, illumining part of the room, but leaving the bed in deep shadow.

"Jim, darling," leaning over him and laying her arm across his neck, "a letter has come! It is——" With a sudden sickening terror she stopped and raised herself, for she felt—that her sleeve was wet!

Snatching up the candle she held it over the bed, and by its flickering light she saw—ah, dear Heaven—what did she see?

Not her Jim, surely!

A white, dead face—a dark red stain on the coverlet—a ghastly wound—and cold nerveless fingers, still holding—what!

Ah, cruel Jim!

A long, shuddering cry rang out on the autumn night—wild, agonised—despairing. Again and again it echoed. Then all was still.

* * * * * *

In a certain asylum at —— there is a fair, slender woman, with solemn child-like eyes and sunny hair.

"Hush!" she says to the doctors every day, with lowered voice, and uplifted finger. "Hush! Jim is asleep. I must not wake him. He is so tired, poor Jim! He does not know that the letter has come. You will take me to him, will you not? Not now—but when he awakes!

May's Mistake.

BY J. J. G.

DEAR ELLA:—Do come and stay with us for a month if you can. It would be so awfully jolly, and Eric is here, so we can have no end of fun. Write back and tell me your train, and you shall be met. Please forgive hurry. I'm going out on the river. Heaps of love.

Ever yours, MAY.

"What on earth are you scribbling about?" asked a soft, languid, masculine voice from the level of the grass.

A girl of about eighteen—a slim, curly-headed, dark-eyed witch, attired in cream flannel boating-dress—sat at a rustic table on the lawn of a river-side house near Henley, and at her feet reclined in luxurious ease a very handsome man, tall and slight, and perhaps some seven or eight years the girl's senior. He, too, was in white boating-dress, and well it set off his dark curls and clear, dark skin.

"I am writing to Ella West to come and stay with us, Eric," replied May. "She's awfully pretty. You've heard me speak of her?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. You met her at Wiesbaden last year."

"That's the girl. Wouldn't you like her to come, Eric?"

"If you like it, my dear."

"You're an odd fellow!" said May, sealing and addressing her letter. "I can't make you out! You don't seem to care much for girls."

Eric bit his dark moustache, but said, lazily,

"Are you a boy, then?"

"Pretty well," said May, laughing. "Auntie is always telling me I am. And it is surprising how few feminine accomplishments I possess. Now my letter is ready. Get up, lazybones."

"I was waiting for you."

"Don't retort!" returned May, running down to the stairs, off which was moored a lovely little pair-oar boat.

Eric raised his tall person from the grass and followed, and the two were soon spinning down-stream, May declaring that the letter should be posted at Marlow.

May Lauriston and Eric Verner had been "chums" (as Miss May put it), from the time she was ten years old, and he a Harrow boy just going up for his first term at Oxford; May, an orphan, lived with her well-to-do aunt at Henley, and Eric's father's estate was but a few miles distant. They boated, rode, and walked together, and Miss Lauriston often wondered when the end would be; but May at eighteen had no more idea of Eric as a possible lover than she had at ten; and Miss Lauriston was discreet and let things take their course, Eric was his own master now. His father had been dead some years, but he was, of course, as free of the Pines as of his own house, and just now he was staying here.

"Would you like some more people?" suggested May, as they were entering Hurley Lock.

He shook his head.

"If you don't want them," he said, "I'd rather be without them."

"So would I. I'm quite happy with you, Eric."

"And I with you," said Eric, carelessly, and that was all.

The letter was posted, and the next morning came a reply from Ella West, accepting the invitation.

"I remember," wrote the young lady, who was about three years May's senior, "you showed me Mr. Verner's photo, and I thought him about the best-looking man I had ever seen."

"Ella's coming to day by the 1.30 train, auntie," said May, looking up from her letter. "We must meet her. Will you come, Eric?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"We'll have the dogcart," added May. "How jolly! Ella will be just in time for luncheon. Now, Eric, I do hope you'll think her pretty."

"I will if you like."

May, who had risen from the table, paused in passing him, and swept her soft fingers half caressingly through his dark curls. She did not see the sudden compression of his lips, the sudden quick color in his cheek.

"You old tease!" she said, and danced away through the open window on to the lawn.

At the appointed time the dogcart from the Pines drew up outside the station, and Eric and May descended, and, leaving the horse in charge of a boy, went on to the platform, where there were a good many other people waiting for friends.

"There's the train!" exclaimed May, presently, and as it came into the station her quick eye almost immediately singled out Ella West. She sprang forwards to the car-door, and clasped the hand of a fair, petite, and certainly very pretty girl.

"You two will hardly need an introduction," said May, glancing at Eric. "I showed Ella your photo at Wiesbaden, Eric, so she knows you."

"And I," said Eric, as Ella laughingly held out her hand, "can't be in any doubt as to your identity, Miss West. Please tell me how I am to identify your traps?"

"I have only one box, Mr. Verner, and it is scarlet, with black straps, so you can't very well miss it."

The three were soon in the dogcart, a chaise from the station bringing Ella's trunk, and Miss West thought that with such a dashing cavalier as Eric Verner she would not have minded a longer drive.

May was first in the drawing room, having seen her friend well under the care of a maid.

"Well, Eric," said she, running up to him, and perching on the arm of the chair in which he sat, "isn't Ella pretty?"

He slipped his arm round the slight form and drew it closer to him, looking up smiling into the winsome face.

"Yes, curly-wig," he replied, "but I think my chum is prettier."

"Curly-wig!" exclaimed May, rumpling his hair, "that's good. What do you call this? And the other is nonsense."

"All right. Can Miss West row?"

"H'm! not much—she can steer—and that is better for you, isn't it?"

"Why?"

"Why?" staring. "Eric, are you ever going to grow like other fellows? It's time you began, you know."

"I think I'm like enough," replied he, quietly.

"I don't then. Perhaps Ella will wake you up."

He did not answer that, but just held his breath for a moment; and then drew his arm away from round May's waist, and she slipped down, and ran to the door, as she heard Ella coming.

After luncheon they went out on the river and Ella steered and chatted with Eric, who, pulling stroke, faced her, while May had the bow-sculls. Ella was the sort of girl women—and men too—call "very nice!" she was clever, well educated, and talked well, but Eric Verner did not exactly take to her; she struck him as somewhat self-conscious, and was in no way May's equal, though May, unsophisticated, and self-depreciatory, thought her friend altogether her superior.

No doubt thought keen-witted Eric, who said little, but observed much, Miss West was of the same opinion.

The evening turned out wet, so indoor amusement must be resorted to. Miss West sang, and sang well, and Eric turned her music for her; and then those two played chess; and then Eric showed her photographs he had brought from Spain, where he had been travelling.

Ella West was one of those women who always make men dance attendance upon them.

May was pleased and content to have Eric usurped by Ella. She thought he liked Ella, and it never entered her most innocent of curly heads to be jealous.

When they all parted for the night, May went up to her "chum," as a matter of course, for the good-night kiss; but after running half-way upstairs with Ella—Miss Lauriston was first—she turned back again—she wanted so much to know what Eric thought of Ella.

He had turned out two of the gas-burners, and the third was nearly out, when May appeared again, and he paused, leaving the gas half down, so the room was in deep g oom."

"Why, May," he said, "what is it?"

"Eric," said she, going close up to him, "do tell me what you think of Ella?"

She could not see his face, or the quick frown—flush of pain—might have startled her.

"It doesn't much matter what I think of her," he said, rather coldly.

May paused, wounded and perplexed.

Eric had turned away as if to turn the gas quite out, and so intimate that there was nothing more to be said.

"I didn't know there was any harm in asking a question!" she said, with a quivering lip and starting tears!

"May—darling——" He stopped, choking; frightened, too, for the tone of his own voice startled him; but he caught May in his arms, and held her close to him for a minute, not attempting to speak, until he could master himself.

"Never mind, Eric," whispered she, stealing her soft arms about his neck, and, woman-like, thinking herself in the wrong the moment she found she had given pain. "I was silly to mind!"

"No, my pet; I was wrong to answer you unkindly. Well, I like your friend! Will that do?"

"Yes, Eric. Good night!"

She lifted her face for his kiss, and he stooped and pressed his lips to her brow, he dared not touch her lips just now.

"Good night!" he said, and released her; but when she was gone, he stood quite still for many minutes, pressing his hand tightly over his heart.

May went to Ella's room for a "jabber."

"You and Mr. Verner are like brother and sister," remarked Ella, smiling, as she brushed out her hair; but she watched May covertly.

"Oh! yes;" returned May, "in fact, I don't believe there are any brothers half as nice as Eric."

"You'd miss him awfully if he were to marry."

"Ye—es," said May, thoughtfully, "so I should; but I suppose he will one day!"

"Most likely. Good gracious!" thought Ella, "how green the child is; but she's clearly not in love with Eric Verner. I was afraid she might be!"

Evidently, whatever Eric Verner thought of her, Miss West liked him very much indeed.

Several days passed in the usual round of amusements—boating taking the lead; and Ella found Mr. Verner a very attractive cavalier. May accepting a secondary place without, evidently, a thought of rebellion.

But, by-and-by, a change came. One day May had been up to town to say good-bye to a friend who was starting for India, and she was to return by a given train.

"I will come to meet you," said Eric. She was taking the pony-carriage to the station.

"No, Eric, don't trouble. Send Tom with the dogcart, or I can walk."

"Leave it to me, May."

Eric and Ella went out on the river, and Ella thought the time would fly on such golden wings that May would be forgotten; but presently Eric began to go about.

"Home already?" asked Ella, utterly surprised.

"I am so sorry; but I have to go to the station to meet May."

"Oh! Miss Lauriston will send the dog-cart."

"I would rather go myself," said Eric: and of course there was no more to be said.

So when May's train came in, there was Eric on the platform.

"Oh, Eric," she said, "how good of you; but you needn't have come!"

"I pleased myself in coming, May."

"Did you?" She looked at him half wistfully.

"Is that so strange?" he asked, swinging her lightly to her seat. "It isn't so much I've had of you of late."

"I don't expect it, you know, Eric," said she, as he took his place beside her, and gathered up the reins, "though, of course, I always like to have you."

"And you think that can't out both ways?"

"Oh, no! how should it? The case is quite different."

"Well, we won't argue about it," said Eric, biting his lip. "I am going to drive round a long way, that's all."

"Oh! Eric—please—no!"

"Please, no! Why?"

"You seem," she said, half laughingly, "to think I feel myself neglected; but I don't in the least."

"I don't think that, May. Would you rather go straight home?"

"Not for my own sake."

"Then for mine I shall drive round the longest way."

When they reached the Pines, Miss Lauriston asked if anything had happened?

"No," returned Eric, coolly; "but I drove round; that's why we are later."

Ella noted, and her hand trembled as she bent over some embroidery.

Was May beginning to get jealous, and altering her tactics?

That evening, in the drawing-room, when Ella proposed chess to Eric, he excused himself, and ten minutes later he went and sat by May, who was drawing (he had been her teacher), and coached and corrected her.

May thought he would rather have been with Ella, and was sorry that he thought it necessary to attend to his "chum."

That night, when May parted from her friend, she received a decidedly cold kiss, and Ella declined a "jabber," saying she was tired.

Wondering and grieved, May went to her room.

What had she done? Why was Ella offended?

The next morning, before breakfast, Ella gathered and made a bouquet buttonhole for Eric, but he already had one which May had put in his coat, and though he thanked Ella, he would not cast aside May's flower.

"May is trying to cut me out," Ella said, passionately, to herself, "I do love him, and I know he likes me—if she would let him alone."

That day Eric was in town; he would not return until evening. May and Ella were alone in the breakfast-room.

"What shall we do?" said the former. "What would you like to do, Ella?"

"Nothing," said Ella, shortly.

May looked at her in wonder, then went up to her.

"Ella, what is the matter? What have I done to offend you?"

"What have you done?" said the other, with a half sob, "You are trying to take Eric Verner from me. He goes to you now—sits by your side—accepts your flower rather than mine——"

"Ella," cried May, with wide-open eyes, "why you must me mad! Do you mean that you are jealous of me?"

"If you choose to put it so—yes!" said Ella.

"Oh, but that is too absurd!" cried May, half-distressed, half-laughing. "It's only because Eric and I have always been chums, and he fancies I shall feel myself put out of court, that's all, but I don't—I couldn't have supposed you would imagine such a thing!"

And May knelt down before her friend, and soothed and comforted her. But in her mature wisdom she meditated over the difficulty.

It would not do: Eric mustn't make mischief with Ella just to be kind to her (May). She need not say that Ella had spoken, but she would speak to him, and try to set matters right.

May had no time to think over her own feelings or she might have been less ready to "speak to Eric."

Eric returned home earlier than was expected, in time to join the two girls, who were paddling about the stream; and when they returned, they were told that someone who was a friend of Ella's had called.

"I shan't go into the drawing-room," said Eric, aside to May; and May, thinking, "Now may be my opportunity," she excused herself to Ella.

Ella was obliged to go to the drawing-room, and Eric stepped into the library and threw himself into a fauteuil. May, after a moment's hesitation, followed.

"Well," he said, looking up, "you seem very grave, pet. What is the matter?"

"Eric, I——"

She moved a step nearer to him and paused.

He looked at her more keenly.

"You—you what?" he said. "Come and tell me all about it."

May came and stood by the chair, a little behind Eric; she did not feel like being face to face with him.

"Eric," she said, "you won't mind my saying it, will you?"

"I don't know what it is yet, dear"—he kept his face averted from her; perhaps the arrangement suited him as well as it did her—"but I am sure not to be vexed by anything you can say."

"You dear old thing!"—with a burst of her usual impulsiveness. "Well, Eric—then—please—just do as you did before—I mean—I don't mind—I know you feel the same—only you mustn't trouble yourself about me——"

A pause.

"Mustn't I?" said he, drily, not moving.

"No, no!—that is—well!" desperately. "don't come and sit by me, and—and take my flowers—and things of that sort—at least—I wish you wouldn't!"

"Why not, pet?" very gently, a kind of suppressed tone in his voice.

"Oh, Eric! Well, how could you think of it? I don't know—at first—but Ella thinks—that is, she is, in a way, jealous of me"—she laughed a little—"it's very foolish—but if she thinks that—the only way to show her she is quite wrong."

"I don't know why her idea is so foolish, May—if she has such an idea," said chivalrous Eric, assuming outwardly that May spoke from her own impression.

"Why, Eric——" began May, and stopped, bewildered.

"I don't know why," he went on, not heeding the interruption, "it is so impossible I should prefer you to her."

"No," said May, drawing a long breath, "not if you don't care for her; but I—I thought you did."

"And you were content to have it so, May?"

May's heart was beating fast. She put her hand to her head in a bewildered manner.

Something in his tone—something in his manner—struck a chord within her that vibrated through her whole being.

"I thought you did," she repeated, not knowing what else to say.

"Come here, May."

He put out his hand and brought her round, drawing her down on her knees before him, and then he folded her—half shrinking now—to his breast, and bent over her, his voice quivering with intense emotion.

"May, dearest," he said—"my darling!—won't you try and love me as I love you? You cannot do it yet, maybe; you don't remember that you are no longer a child; but let me teach you—will you, May?"

This was the deep note of passion that tears to shreds the veil of childhood on the woman's heart.

Trembling, dazzled into a blind ecstasy of happiness, May hid her flushed face on on Eric's bosom, clinging, nestling to him in silence.

"Is the lesson learned now?" he whispered. "I have loved you all my life, May, we have been all the world to each other. You will give yourself to me, sweetheart?"

"Oh, Eric!" it was almost a sob.

He lifted her face a little and pressed his lips on hers, often he had kissed her, but not as he did to-day.

"You haven't answered me yet," he said after a long silence. "I am not quite sure that my precious May is all my own."

"Oh, Eric! how could I love anyone else! I never thought—I didn't know——"

"Look up, dear—look into my eyes."

She raised her eyes to his, just for a second, no more, and then hid her face again; but Eric saw in that one look all that he needed to see, and his heart was quite at rest.

There was no danger of May giving herself to him under any mistake. Her mistake had been in believing herself still a child, while in truth she was a woman.

So May, all unintentionally, had been like the Chinese envoys of old; she had come to plead for another, and had won for herself the paradise she sought to gain for her friend.

As Ella's month was within three days of its close, nothing, by May's request, was said about the new state of affairs, only Ella discovered that there was a change, and mentally characterized May as a "little traitor."

She bade good-bye to her friend very coldly, and when she received May's letter announcing her engagement to Eric Verner, she tore it up, and did not answer it.

"Just as well, my May," Eric said, "that the friendship should come to an end. Ella was not at all what you fancied her. If you had been older you would have found her out before now."

"And you didn't think, auntie," May said, later that day, her dark eyes wide open, "that Eric liked Ella."

Miss Lauriston smiled.

"Not for an instant, my dear! I am not eighteen, you know. Eric's mind was made up as to the future when you were still in short frocks."

"Yes, I do know now," said May, drawing a long breath; and then she turned to Eric, who had just entered the room. "Eric, I have been very stupid!"

"Have you?" said he, smiling, and drawing her to him. "Well, I haven't found it out, so don't trouble your curly head about it. You have all the wisdom I want, May, so we shan't quarrel, shall we?"

"I don't think we ever could do that, Eric," said May, confidently.

And though Miss Lauriston was not eighteen, she agreed with May. Eric and May would remain "chums" to the end of the chapter.

THE SMUGGLER.—Here is another good story from the Belgian frontier. A newly married couple were returning to Germany after a tour to Brussels. As the train approached the frontier the bride grew uneasy and presently confessed that she had a quantity of Brussels lace in her bag on which a high duty would have to be paid. "Put it inside your hat," she pleaded. This was done.

The Custom House officials looked all through the boxes of the elegant young lady, knowing by experience that such are the most daring of smugglers, but found nothing.

The chief officer, charmed by the amiable manners of the young husband, accompanied the young couple to the train, when the wretched husband, forgetting his secret in the joy of having escaped, raised his hat to the officer, and was instantly enveloped in a soft white veil. Tableau!

A KINDERGARTEN SERIES.—"Now, children, after reading the old story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, "write me all that you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you."

The Result—Slate I; (Teddy, eight years old): Georg Washington is our father did he tell a lie no he never did it with his hachit.

Slate II; (Ethel, seven): gorge washington was the father of is contre hes father sed did you do it he sed I would not lie I did it with mi Hathit and then he busted in teers.

Slate III; (Georgie, nine): George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchit and he said father I did it did the boy deny it o no did he try to put it on some other feller. No He did not tell no lie he bust into tears.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla,

"Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There is something pathetic in the story that is being given about Prince Rudolf's young widow. Herr Angeli, the famous Austrian portrait painter, was summoned to sketch the features of the deceased Prince. He remarked that the Prince's was the first dead face he had ever drawn, upon which the Crown Princess Stephanie said that her husband was the first dead person she had ever seen—and very probably so.

A shoe manufacturer in Portland, Me., being asked to assist in providing bread for the suffering poor, said he would contribute to the extent of 100 sacks of flour and 100 bushels of meal. One sack of flour, and one bushel of meal to be given to every man in Portland, who neither kept a dog, drank rum, nor used tobacco, and was in need of bread. According to the local papers the first man had not appeared up to a day or two ago to claim the gift.

Japanese oranges are as far different from our idea of an orange as they can well be, separating from the peel almost as easily and as clear as a grape, dividing into sections like a separate fruit, dissolving its piece into your mouth with a flavor of cherries, leaving no pulp behind. Very good, excellently good, they are. They, the last of her fruits, adds the crown of excellency to the already overflowing cornucopia to this "Beautiful Land of Sunrise."

The fashionable world, says a New York paper, is gossiping over a remarkable surgical operation which has changed the decidedly tip-tilted nose of an aristocratic young woman into an organ of pure Grecian design. The surgeon's bill amounted to $ 300. The operation was long and tedious, involving much suffering. Those who knew her before the change maintain that the new nose does not suit the general conformation of her face. Others meeting her now for the first time notice a lack of harmony somewhere but cannot tell what causes it.

Twenty-five years ago the now Princess of Wales and future Queen of England was living on the third floor of a corner house in Copenhagen, and her father, whom no one ever dreamed of being a king, was poorer than many a burgher in the same street. She and her two sisters, now Czarina of Russia and Duchess of Cumberland, occupied the same room, scantily furnished, and instead of a wardrobe, a curtain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on which their few dresses hung. They had never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now Alexandra dauntless has all the silk dresses she wants, but it is more than likely that she looks back with pleasure upon those years as the happiest of her life.

A storekeeper has raised his voice in behalf of rats. He knows that they do much mischief to his sugar barrels and other articles, but he is willing to put up with a reasonable amount of plunder, in return for the enormous amount of good they do in clearing his place of the vermin and decaying refuse which but for them might breed pestilence and fever. He has seen the same rat day after day prowling about for rottening apples and other morsels. With the help of its brothers and sisters it keeps his stores quite clean. Only, he says, there must not be too much rat, but just rat enough. He sees no objection to the employment of pussy from time to time in order to keep down the surplus of rat population.

DANCING AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

The island of Nantucket is off the track of the modern world. The people and their customs are very unlike those in any other part of the world—the "off-island part," as the Nantucketers are wont to call it.

Old fashioned customs and habits prevail. They know but little about the new-fangled manners and methods of modern social life. They follow the beaten paths of a century ago, live simple, thrifty and laborious lives, and furnish little business for the doctors.

They thrive financially and physically.

A visitor at an evening gathering on the island, not long since, tells how one lady, aged ninety-one, presided at the piano, and another, aged eighty-five danced. "And you may take my word for it," adds the visitor, "that the dancing was sure-enough dancing, if one might judge from the lady's snapping eyes, nervous speech and decisive character."

Locality and climate would seem to have comparatively little effect on health and longevity if people lived simply, as nature dictates, and when ailing built up with nature's simple remedies, like Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, instead of pulling down the system by using poisonous mineral drugs.

People who hasten to the physician every time they have a headache or experience any of the minor evidences of nature's sure revolt against disobedience of her laws will not be found dancing at eighty-five. The mineral poisons of the apothecary lead to early physical decay.

The long lived, rugged Nantucketers, who enjoy life's pleasures when octogenarians illustrate what the "off-island" portion of the world may experience if they live by nature's law and use old fashioned log cabin remedies of roots and herbs for the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to.

Our Young Folks.

PENNY TRUMPETS, HO!

BY L. P.

JACK'S ambition was to possess a penny trumpet. A penny trumpet of his own that he could blow whenever he liked, and that no one had a right to touch but himself.

He might lend it, and he certainly would lend it to Harry, who was such a kind big brother; but not even Harry would have a right to take it, and that made all the difference between real happiness and the mere pleasure he would experience if somebody lent him one.

Jack was only five years old, and being the youngest of the family, was rather babyish in his ways and thoughts; and even supposing he had sense enough to understand what a penny trumpet was, it had been the ambition of his life to possess one.

When Jack grew older his ambition would change and he would desire something else—a baseball bat, perhaps, or as he understood better what it was to be hungry and cold, a warm jacket and a good dinner, and he might turn up his nose at penny trumpets and say disdainfully that they were only toys for wee fellows; and yet it is rather sad to think that during all the years he longed for one so intensely, and his possession would have given him perfect happiness, he could not have it; and the desire must wither and die unsatisfied, just as if it had never been the most eager wish of his heart.

Pennies, you see, were not plentiful in Jack's family, there were so many children, and Jack's father and mother had seen better days, and they wished to keep their children as respectable as they could.

Now, there is nothing respectable in a penny trumpet, so clothes were bought and darned and patched, and the children were sent to school, and it was hard enough to feed them all; though Jack's father worked every day when he could work; his mother was never idle, washing the children and the house, making and mending the clothes (and washing them too) and cooking the dinners, though, it must be admitted, there was often very little to cook.

So you will understand there were no pennies to spare for trumpets or such-like things; and when Jack said, "Mammy do send me to school only half a week this week," she asked quite surprised, "And why? What do you want that for?"

This answer gave him a gleam of hope as she did not at once say that go he must, so he replied very earnestly, "'Cause I might get a penny trumpet with half of my school two pennies."

She only laughed and slapped his round rosy cheek in fun and cried out:

"Penny trumpet indeed; set you up with a penny trumpet!"

And Jack had to go to school, and two pennies went into the master's pocket, just as if there were no such things as penny trumpets in the world.

And now Jack was very ill, and it seemed not improbable that he might leave this world without ever having seen a penny trumpet except in a store window or in the mouths of other boys, and Harry, the kind big brother, who was nearly ten years old, and Peggy, who was twelve, were coming from school, and looking earnestly into one of those store windows, with sweeties on the top shelf, and toys and trumpets below.

You can see the wistful sad expression in Harry's face as they looked.

But Peggy had to go on to buy worsted for her mother to darn a stocking, and Bob Higgins, who was rather a bad boy, ran quickly across the street, and finding him, pulled him into the shop.

Bob threw a penny on the counter, and taking sweeties in exchange, offered Harry some.

"Oh, if you would only give me a penny trumpet for poor little Jack instead," sighed Harry.

Bob laughed his rude laugh at that.

"Thank you for nothing," he said, stuffing his big mouth full of sweeties; then, as the shopman went into the back room and left them alone, he added, pointing to a heap of trumpets on the counter:

"Help yourself."

Harry put out his hand and drew it back again, saying:

"I'm not a thief."

Bob laughed vociferously and the boys sauntered out of the shop.

When they got half way down the street, Bob suddenly whisked a trumpet, all red and green, out of his pocket and thrust it into Harry's hand, saying:

"I am."

Harry's first impulse was to return the gift with horror.

Then he thought of Jack, and determining in his own mind to somehow earn a penny, I am sorry to say he did not resist the temptation, and in order not to resist the temptation, he set off running home, and never stopped until he stood breathless by Jack's bedside, and put the glittering trumpet into his hand.

Meg told him he was better, and the doctor had said if he had no pain that day he would come all right.

Oh, Jack's rapture!

He blew and blew, and grinned and laughed, while even tears of joy filled his eyes.

For the moment Harry felt happy.

Jack blew at intervals for hours that day, till even his kind mother and sister Peggy, with fingers stuffed into their ears asked him if he would mind the intervals being longer?

Harry had to go to school, but he could not keep his mind to his lessons, and got into considerable disgrace with the schoolmaster.

He had heard of such a person as the receiver of stolen goods, and asked himself, with a horrible wonder, was he one?

He ran home as quickly as possible, hoping that the sight of Jack's joy would make him feel less wretched.

But no sound of trumpet greeted his ears as he entered.

Jack laid writhing in pain, and the doctor stood by his bedside, holding in his hand the stolen toy.

"That's my penny trumpet moaned little Jack, holding out a feeble hand for it.

"Penny trumpet forsooth!" said the doctor scornfully; "the wretched thing cost a dime at least."

Harry's heart sank within him, he, who knew not how to save a penny, what hope was there of his ever to get the dime to pay for that trumpet?

Certainly not, he thought, till he was a man, and rather an old man too.

"He's sucked all the green paint off the trumpet, and it's poison, and he's brought the pain back," said the doctor.

"Poison!" screamed Harry, and sank down on his knees, burying his face on little Jack's bed in an agony of grief and remorse.

The doctor gave Jack some medicine to make him sleep, and he hoped he would wake up much better, but that he must not suck trumpets with green mouth pieces ever again.

Harry, full of remorse, walked straight to the toy-shop.

Nothing could comfort him but an honest confession of his fault, and then he might beg for time to be allowed him to pay the dime in.

As he ran down the street something bright on the pavement caught his eye. He stopped and picked it up.

What? a dime!

Yes, here it was in his hand, the very thing he wanted, sent as if on purpose to get him out of all his trouble.

But stop a bit, was he really a thief? He knew Bob had stolen the trumpet he gave him—then he was a receiver of stolen goods; but now was he going to become a thief and save himself at the expense of his honesty?

Perish the thought! Just in front of him was an old gentleman blowing his nose in a very flourishing manner with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief. Harry rushed up to him.

"Oh, sir, do you carry dimes in your pocket?"

"Go away, my boy. If I do, they are not for beggars," was the reply.

"I am not a beggar," cried Harry indignantly; "but I picked up this one, and I thought it might be yours. You needn't take it, of course. Please yourself."

The old gentleman laughed at the boy's surliness, but Harry hung his head, as the thought struck his heart with a pang. If he was not a beggar, was he not, or had he not been, a thief?

"Well, you may have it, though I believe it's mine. I give it you because you are an honest boy."

Harry's face became crimson up to the roots of his hair. He thrust the coin back into the old gentleman's hand, and said gruffly—

"I am not an honest boy."

The gentleman looked straight in his face as he spoke, and said, in a fractious sort of way—

"What business have you with such an honest pair of eyes if you're not? If you're a pickpocket your eyes tell lies of you, and would deceive a Solomon."

"I'm not a pickpocket, and my eyes don't tell lies," cried Harry, his spirit up again; "but I wanted a penny trumpet for Jack, who's sick; and a boy took one without the shop-girl seeing, or I either, and gave it to me, and I knew he stole it, and ran home with it to Jack, and he was happy, poor little chap; but I'm going to the shop now to tell them; and it wasn't a penny trumpet at all but cost a dime, and I thought I might save up a penny, but a dime! However, I was going to see what they'll let me do; and when I found the dime I thought it was come on purpose for me till I saw you all urishing that big red handkerchief about, and then, you know, if you keep dimes in your pocket it might have come out with it."

Harry was breathless by the time he had finished his confession; but the old gentleman looked at him in a pleasant way, and said—

"Well, your eyes don't tell lies after all. Go like the brave fellow you are, and give your money at the toy-shop, and tell them just what you have told me—that's your punishment for taking the trumpet, and it is better to be punished and have done with it than go on and never speak up."

Harry ran off, owned his fault, and paid his money, saying, as he did so to himself—

"Blessed if he's not a jolly old gentleman."

When he went home he found Jack getting well again, and he washed all the green paint off the "penny trumpet," as it still was called; and after a night's sound sleep little Jack was so strong that he never ceased blowing it—grinning all the while, which makes rather a more screeching sound than if you keep your lips properly drawn up—till everybody in the house had a headache and wished penny trumpets had never been made.

He who confesses a fault makes half amends, but he who denies it doubles it.

CURIOUS MISREADINGS.

Addison gave as one of his reasons for being happy that our language "is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words and an enemy to loquacity;" and in the course of some further curious observations on the same subject he says that it is perhaps this humor of speaking no more than we needs must which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first or first two syllables, as in *incog.* and the like.

In many directions, we see abundant tokens of the love of abbreviation; and every trade or profession now has its special contractions, many of which, although intelligible enough to the initiated, are extremely puzzling to the untutored mind. What, for an example, would an average person think if he heard a port lawyer's clerk gabbling something about "ex., ads., or asses," which is the technical (and somewhat irreverent) way of referring to those responsible persons commonly known as "executors, administrators, or assignees?"

It is, indeed, in connection with special abbreviations that the most curious blunders have been made. Passing over the many apocryphal legends concerning those well known authors, "Anon" and "Ibid," it is noteworthy, as an example of literary abbreviations, that Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare, made a rather curious error. Pope, in a note on Measure for Measure, says that the story was taken from Giraldi Cinthio's novel, Dec. 8, Nov. 5, thus contracting the words "decade" and "novel." Misled by these contractions, Warburton filled them out as December 8 and November 5.

The letters, "I. H. S.," which are generally supposed to represent the Latin anagram, "Jesus Hominum Salvator," have been a great source of controversy, and many extraordinary interpretations have been devised. In 1800 (to take a striking example), when the three gold embroidered letters were cut from the altar cloth in an English church, and when the vestry were furnishing everything that memory could associate with sacrilege, a grave churchwarden braved the frowns of his comrades, and suggested that the apparent iniquity was not so serious as they thought. He did not, he said, approve of the vicar (the Rev. John Henry Spry) putting his initials on the cloth!

It is singular to reflect how many abbreviations in general use are frequently misinterpreted by not altogether illiterate people; such abbreviations, for example, as those which gentlemen, by virtue of belonging to some society, are allowed to tack on after their names.

Some of the definitions offered are certainly not less original than the classical version of "P. C." on a policeman's coat, made by Mr. Alfred Jingle, the highly suggestive "Peculiar Cuss," or than a new reading offered by a young student, who, on examining a printed notice, inquired of one the older boys why one of the professors had the letters "A. B." after his name and another "A. M." On being told that "A. B." was the abbreviation for "Bachelor of Arts," and the professor having that title appearing to be a single man, the boy exclaimed, "Oh! and 'A. M.' is 'Married Man of Arts,' isn't it because Professor Brown's got a wife?" This, of course, sounds apocryphal, but it should not be forgotten that Thackeray once gave a misreading quite as absurd. When collecting materials for his "Irish Sketch Book," the genial novelist saw, at due intervals along a certain road, posts set up, with the letters "G. P. O." upon them. Overtaking a peasant, he inquired the meaning of these letters, and was gravely informed that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" The tourist entered this curious statement in his note-book, and in the first edition of the "Sketches" the fact was duly mentioned; but it was suppressed in subsequent issues, owing to the discovery that the letters stood for "General Post Office," indicating that the highway was a post road.

One more instance may be given, which occurred a short time since. A clergyman in a suburb had invited a number of his parishioners to an evening gathering. In the course of the proceedings one of the curates happened to find a worthy couple, who appeared to be in search of something; and on asking them what they were looking for, received the reply: "Why, Mr.—, we're looking for the reserved seats."

"What!" said the puzzled curate.

"Why, the reserved seats, to be sure, sir. Look here," continued the speaker, taking out the invitation card, "here it is, 'R. S. V. P.—Reserved Seats, Vicar's Party'—that's plain enough isn't it!"

VERY KIND.—Miss Smith (to her friend Miss Barr, who has made her debut at a musical entertainment)—"And you succeeded splendidly, of course!" Miss Barr—"Yes, I got along pretty well, but I was considerably disconcerted when somebody in the audience remarked that I left my voice behind me." "That was awfully rude." "Yes, but he was immediately reproved by somebody else, who said, 'Nonsense! she never had any.' That was very kind, don't you know, and I plucked up courage immediately."

WM. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Manchester Eng., Infirmary and Lecturer Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owens College, says: "In a great majority of cases Bright's Disease begins slowly and imperceptibly." This is sufficient warning, and just like you in using Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney trouble becomes chronic, or pronounced Bright's Disease.

LAPLAND LOVE-MAKING.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume the responsibility of matrimony, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible to treat the friends of the intended bride.

Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should.

Besides the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth cousins, who must attend, there is still a greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by their curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten.

The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating.

On the side of the gallant there is a spokesman named Sjognative.

With a brandy flask in hand he goes over to the other party and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady.

This is a signal for an indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends.

Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is born in grateful memory.

When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose.

Her parents ask to see the kliah or wooing presents. If they are accepted the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go next day to the parson, to get the bans published.

Most matches are made at fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed, "courting with brandy" is a proverb among Laplanders.

When a lady is rich, and the suitor not, the poor fellow's brandy is often thrown away. The influence of riches in matrimonial matters is nowhere felt more strongly than in Lapland.

Yet dress counts for nothing, one sheepskin being as good as another. Rank is determined by the number of reindeer a man owns.

Practically, marriage is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still, the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver which they pay for their bride must not be made in the shape of six dollars—it must be made up into ornaments.

If the marriage is broken off the party who takes a divorce generally returns the bridal presents, and the more conscientious generally add a gift for the wasted brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrel before the answer is agreed upon, and some management is required oftentimes, to make it favorable.

GLASS.—Glass is a chemical compound of various ingredients, different substances of similar character replacing each other to produce its varieties.

Silicic acid, or pure silica, in the shape of white sand, as its principal ingredient, this combining with potash, soda, lime, alumina, or other alkalies, under the influence of heat, to produce the vitreous substance.

It is impossible here to give more than a barest outline of the wonderful process by which glass is made. It is a process which requires great caution and skill on the part of its workers.

The raw materials which are proportioned according to the kind or grade of glass that is wanted, are first thoroughly ground, mixed and sifted, and to them is added from one-quarter to one-third of their weight in broken glass, and the whole is then put into the melting pots.

These pots are made of the best fire-clay and are generally open at the top; but in making the finest white glass the top is covered, and there is a small opening on one side of it, through which to pour the molten glass.

The pots are heated to a white heat in the furnace, and the mixture is stirred frequently to facilitate the blending of all the ingredients, the intense heat being kept up for more than thirty hours.

The furnace is then allowed to cool until the mass in the pot becomes viscid, when it can be easily worked.

The working up of each kind of glass is a separate branch of manufacture, involving the use of different tools and processes far too complicated to be understood from any mere verbal description.

THE most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside an arsenal was that of an old lady who lives across the street from an arsenal yard. On the Fourth of July they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

DR. AUSTIN FLINT, late professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of New York Academy of Medicine, member of the state medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says, in speaking of Bright's disease, or advanced kidney disease, "The minor effects are headache, loss of vision, impaired hearing, involuntary muscular twitching, cramps, drowsiness, vomiting and diarrhœa." These are but some of the common symptoms of this malady, which accounts for Warner's Safe Cure curing so many diseases (so-called) which are not diseases, but are symptoms of advanced kidney disorders.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

When I was twenty-one, said he,
Life sang a syren's song to me;
My charm'd ear was strained to hear,
I laughed with joy upon the sea,
I dreamed me not of treachery.
The wrecks around that strewed the ground
Were never warnings meant for me,
And hidden rocks I did not see.
With steady oar I rowed toward shore,
Where beacon lights flamed to the sky,
With joyous hopes my heart beat high,
I yearned to feel my vessel's keel
Strike full upon the shores of fate,
For coming years I scarce could wait.
But soon I learned how passions burned,
How sorrow dimmed the light of joy,
How gold was mixed with base alloy,
And with the years came trembling fears,
And cares, and aches, and sins, and tears,—
Those things that youth's smooth surface scars.
With lips unsealed Time soon revealed
That life was not the dream I thought,
Nor held the pleasures that I sought,
With heart o'erbold, to grasp and hold.
Alas, how many years agone,
He said, when I was twenty-one.

AMONG THE MUSICIANS.

Music has her enemies as the classics have theirs; unscrupulous foemen who look on music as the least intellectual of the arts. No child, they say, can be a great painter, poet, sculptor, but children may be and have been remarkable musicians, just as they have been marvels in the mathematics. The enemy goes on to conclude that neither mathematics nor music requires much mind.

The wit of musicians bears out these unfriendly conclusions as far as it goes.

Here is an epigram, for example, of Handel's. People asked Handel to take the degree of Doctor of Music in Oxford.

Then the composer flashed forth in this gleaming repartee:

"Vat! I trow away my money for dat vich the blockhead vish? I no vant."

A multitude of anecdotes impress us with the humor of Haydn. He would go into a shop where he was not known, and where the tradesmen admired his works, and he would speak evil of these works and "go away smiling." That was the humor of it.

Being "very fond of a joke," and observing that his audience slept peacefully during his slow movements, he introduced "a great bang from the full orchestra," which as he said, "certainly made the ladies jump."

This was but elementary fun. He made three marches for an officer who had ordered one, and paid thirty guineas for that.

The captain sent back the superfluous marches, and Haydn "always told the story of the liberal Englishman as one of the most pleasing events that had happened to him during his stay in London."

Again, "many people do not believe in the humorous element in music, but Haydn's works abound in passages that read as humorously to a musician as does a chapter of Mark Twain to an ordinary reader."

Well, musicians have their own ideas of the ludicrous.

Haydn said better things than this. A false report of his death was circulated, and a Requiem was performed for him. When Haydn heard of it he said:

"If these kind gentlemen had given me notice of my death, I would have gone myself to beat time for them."

This was very neat and good.

Another time he maligned his own music to a fiddler who had been playing it and did not know him by sight. The fiddler would have broken Haydn's head with a fiddle (perhaps merely by way of a surgical operation), if he had been permitted to work his will.

He wrote a symphony for tin trumpets, a rattle and other toys. "We can well imagine the amusement of his men when their novel parts were distributed to them." It must, indeed, have been extremely diverting—to musicians.

Duke Max of Bavaria was another musician who diverted himself by playing in the streets, and distributing in charity the money which he collected from passing amateurs.

The story about an opera, "Olympie," comes from Berlin. A rich amateur was growing deaf; his doctor took him to hear "Olympie."

The patient did hear "Olympie;" it is so noisy; 'twas the doctor who remained deaf; it had "proved too much for the doctor."

This narrative appears to be witty, of the two, rather than historically correct.

Lablache's main feat as a humorist was walking into the presence of a certain prince with one hat on his head and another in his hand. This caused a great deal of amusement. He also pretended to be Tom Thumb on one occasion.

This is how Chopin "scored off" a millionaire at whose house he had dined. After dinner Chopin was asked to play. "But I have had so little to eat," replied Chopin.

With equal point and delicacy Cherubini advised a sonorous French singer to become an auctioneer.

Fischer was better, when he was asked to come to supper and to bring his oboe with him. "My lord," he answered, "my oboe never supe."

Nor was the Scotch lady so far to seek the lady who disapproved of the organ or "kist o' whustles."

Some musical friend induced her to hear an anthem, and told her (with musical humor) that this was the anthem David played to Saul. "Then, I understand why Saul threw the javelin at him." But this lady was not musical.

To Corelli is attributed the mot, "I fear my music interrupts the conversation." Music almost does interrupt the conversation, and that is one reason why some persons are not passionately fond of music.

Sometimes people have paid back musicians in their own coin. One, who tried to learn skating, was told it was easy, but complained that he did not find it so. "It is easy enough, but no so easy as fiddling," said the other, who was also a German.

Liszt's good things were chiefly snubs to Royal people who talked while he was playing.

Apparently there is nothing a musician hates so much as conversation. If it were fair to judge by these anecdotes, this might be attributed to a conscious failure to shine in the exchange of ideas. The only musician who ever said a good thing was the drummer boy who, being captured by the British, told them that he could not beat the Retreat, it was not used in the American army. The British general being "a gentleman also," sent the little fellow back with honor. He was the exception which proved the rule.

It is not the best things—that is, things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow.

Grains of Gold.

We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

Contentment does not demand conditions, it makes them.

What we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.

Time is almost the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous.

He that would be well spoken of himself must not speak ill of others.

Anger causes us often to condemn in one what we approve of in another.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

Life like the water of the sea, is not quite sweet until it is rises toward heaven.

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly their own teachers.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in the stranger's garden.

We seldom find people ungrateful, so long as we are in a condition to render them service.

The happy should not insist too much upon their happiness in the presence of the unhappy.

Mankind loves mystery—a hole in the ground excites more wonder than a star in the heavens.

What stubbing, ploughing, digging and harrowing is to land, that thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind.

The irresolute scene with eagerness all overtures which show them two roads, and which, in consequence, do not press them to choose.

Femininities.

A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.

Mrs. Sallie Jump, of Coldwater, Mich., is happy at 110.

There are 3 000 women in charge of postoffices in the United States.

A new street in Stockholm has just been graced with the name of Jenny Lind.

Wild flowers etched on a silver water pitcher and goblet give a pleasing effect.

Three large emeralds within a setting of tiny diamonds makes a handsome brooch.

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

A pair of unique earrings is of gold lace work fashioned to represent market baskets.

A lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."

Mrs. Mead, of San Jacinto, Cal., recently plowed over 100 acres with a team of oxen and, we are told, "swore never a swear."

If the wife of a Turkoman asks his permission to go out, and he says "go" without adding "come back again," they are divorced.

A bouquet of white roses hung on the bell-knob of the house of a dead person, along with the crape, is a new idea in trappings of woe.

In Siam the first wife may be divorced, but not sold as the others may be. She may claim the first child. The others belong to the husband.

Among the Moors, if the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe and can marry again.

In the Arctic regions a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

A household at Buffalo, composed wholly of women, keep a couple of men's hats and an overcoat on the hall rack as a device to scare away burglars.

Parasol sticks for the coming season will be 45 inches in length, 11 inches longer than those of last season. Handles will be elaborately decorated with showy devices.

The passing years drink a portion of the light from our eyes, and leave their traces on our cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin.

At the marriage of Lady Idina Nevill to Mr. Brassey, in England, the bridesmaids wore cricketing costumes, the colors being carnation pink, green and white.

A Toledo woman, who has twice been divorced from the one man, married him two weeks ago for the third time. Altogether she has been married six times to three men.

A young lady who aspired to fame as a musician went one day to Rubinstein for advice. She played for him and then asked: "What shall I do?" "Get married!" was the reply.

Queen Victoria, who traveled to France as Countess of Balmoral, took her own bed and bedding with her, a custom which her Majesty never breaks, even if invited to stay in a royal palace.

Infants, when they die, are received into the arms of a loving angel mother, by whom they are nursed and educated, till they become among the purest and happiest angels of the highest heaven.

The "piano to be sold by a lady with four carved legs" has been outdone. We have just read of an order given for "one lady's prime saddle for a tall, slim lady, all over hog skin and perfectly plain."

Miss Mildred Maddox, of Browton, Ala., dressed up as a tramp and attempted to frighten her mother. The disguise was perfect, and Mrs. Maddox emptied the contents of a shotgun into her daughter's body.

Mrs De Hobson, complacently: "Yes, Mr. Featherly, that is a portrait of myself when a little girl. It was painted by a celebrated artist." Mr. Featherly, anxious to say the right thing: "Er—one of the old masters?"

Mrs. Brown's new ball dress. Mr. Brown: "It is a very pretty dress, dear; but I should not think it was so heavy that you would need suspenders to hold the skirt up." Mrs Brown: "Suspenders, love! Why, that is the waist!"

Mr. Jackson, of Vincennes, Ind., came home and told his wife that the coal supply of the world would last only 300 years more, and she fell in a faint and broke her arm. She afterward remembered that they had always burned wood.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Cora, "I can't find me anywhere! I wonder where she can be?" "Don't worry about her, my dear," replied Mrs. Knaberly; "there's a new family moving in across the way; so I guess you'll find her looking out the window."

A fashionable boarding-school in New York teaches its pupils how to eat asparagus. It is a painful thought that there are thousands of girls—nice girls, too—who are compelled to go through the world, from the cradle to the grave, without receiving a single lesson in the art of eating asparagus.

Wiggles: "Arabella, darling, may I kiss you?" Arabella: "Yes, sweetest; but kiss me on the left cheek, please." Wiggles, doing so: "And may I ask, dearest, why the left cheek?" Little brother, poking his head through the door: "Because Jack Jones has been kissing her right cheek all the afternoon, and it's tired." The engagement is not yet announced.

In a divorce court. Defendant's lawyer: "If your honor please, I would like to ask a recess for 10 minutes. A maiden aunt of the defendant has died and left him $500,000. I wish to consult with my client for a moment." Plaintiff's attorney, hurriedly: "The lady whom I have the honor to represent instructs me to withdraw this complaint. If the Court please, I move that the case be dismissed."

Masculinities.

There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.

The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man.

Holding the breath is found to control the sensibility to tickling.

Rather odd for a gentleman's ring is a cat's eye between two emeralds.

"Board wanted!" yelled a man who fell off a lumber schooner in to the river.

Private detectives are now employed to watch the gifts at fashionable weddings.

A toad, in natural colors, resting on a cabbage leaf, is a recent scarf pin novelty.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with another's.

There are men who are really wise. To be wise in one's own conceit is otherwise.

Mr. Le Grand B. Cannon, of Vermont, is said to be a director in 450 different corporations.

Dr. D. D. Reynolds, of Rockford, Mich., wears buttons made of $20 gold pieces on his clothes.

The great difficulty about common sense is that it is so tremendously scarce that it isn't common.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom bed as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

Be lenient to your wife's errors, and do not expect perfection until you have first become perfect yourself.

A realistic figure of a polar bear in silver, on a mass of glass resembling ice, makes an odd paperweight.

The man who knows it all finds out after a while that even the biggest cyclopedia needs a supplement occasionally.

Those who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired; that is the sort of character men like to find in others.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.

St. Louis has got hold of a man who has stolen 28 horses in 6 months, and he is not only 49 years of age, but lame, near-sighted and suffering with asthma.

Corkscrew handles in silver are seen in new designs. The most recent represent champagne bottles and horns. They are ornamented with etchings of hunting scenes.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

John Murchie, aged 85 years, of Nevada City, Nev., went duck hunting recently, and walked 20 miles through sand and brush, and got back all right with one duck.

If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind, for that will make all other sufferings easy. But nothing can support a man whose mind is wounded.

A church at Almont, Mich., raises money in a novel way. A box is placed in the church and the members on their birthdays drop as many pennies in the box as they are years old.

A practical joker in Bridgeport, Conn., ignited a friend's hair with a cigarette, and when the flames were extinguished the unfortunate man's head was entirely bald, and his face badly burned.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Parisian newspaper: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of a rich mahogany color, desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match."

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions us to talk the less.

An Englishman visiting in this country says that most Americans shorten their lives by madly rushing across a street in order to get across ahead of some vehicle, when they could wait for it just as well as not.

Jones: "Brown, why don't you come around and join our club? You've had invitations enough!" Brown: "I know it; but I'm afraid it's an intellectual affair." Jones: "Oh, no, it isn't. You wouldn't feel out of place in the least."

A gentleman in this city, a member of the Third Presbyterian Church, died a few days ago, and the little daughter of his business partner, 5 or 6 years of age, hearing her parents speak of him, spoke up, saying: "Papa, won't God be glad to see him?" Happy the man who when he dies leaves that impression as to the kind of man he was.

A romantic marriage was celebrated at Saratoga recently. According to a despatch, "the contracting parties were Warren B. Westcott, age 62, and Miss Jane S. Truman, age 56. More than 30 years ago the parties were engaged. They were about to be married when Mr. Westcott fell in love with a widow and married her instead. A breach of promise suit followed, in which Mr. Westcott was compelled to pay damages. He was left a widower 3 years ago, when he returned to his former love."

She: "Only think of it, George! the Niagara Falls are fast wearing away." He: "Yes, so I've heard." "George, isn't it at the Niagara Falls where people—that is, newly married people—generally go on their wedding-tour?" "I believe so." "George, wouldn't it be awful if the Falls should disappear before somebody who is dying to go there should—should—be able to go there, George?" A fond embrace, whispered words and the customary impediments—all of which tend to show that she and George will get there long before the Falls take their final departure.

Recent Book Issues.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's celebrated novel, "The Bridal Eve," equal to her "Self-Raised" or "Ishmael," has just been issued at the low price of twenty-five cents. It is one of the most popular stories ever written by Mrs. Southworth, and has never before been sold under one dollar and a half a copy. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.

The latest issue of Tickner's Paper Series and one of the most deeply interesting of the entire set, is the brilliant novel "Under Green Apple Boughs," by Helen Campbell This is probably the best work of its gifted author. The story is illuminated by eight capital full-page pictures by that skilful artist, Howard Pyle, who has here given us some of his best work.

"Five Little Peppers and How They Grew. By Margaret Sidney. Quarto, illuminated board covers, 25 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. It is several years now since Margaret Sidney wrote "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." Its success has been phenomenal from the very first: edition after edition has been exhausted and still the reading public are not satisfied. The publishers, resolved to meet this persistent demand, if possible, has brought out this new illustrated quarto edition of one hundred thousand copies.

"A Modern Mephistopheles" is a novel by the famous author, Louisa M. Alcott. It is somewhat out of her usual line, but in its way is as great a success as her "Little Woman" and other books that have made her celebrity. The central idea of the plot is founded on the Faust principle but nothing more. Miss Alcott's originality and power were above the need of plagiarising, and though, as intimated, she is not at her best in "A Modern Mephistopheles" the volume is wonderfully readable and good. Roberts Bros., Publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

That interesting serial, "Mr. Trench, of Brasenose," opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for April and is finished in the same number. This is followed by "A Lady's Experience in the 'Intermediate.'" The author of "How to be Happy Though Married," writes of "The Choice Matrimonial," "Grown-up Children" is the title of a curious article. There is a sensible paper on the making of wills. The family doctor discusses feet and their care. The "Fish Caves of New South Wales" interests the reader with pen and pencil. Mothers will be interested by the account of "Poor Hugh! the Crying Child." Correspondents from London and Paris furnish their usual budget of fashion news, and there are a number of short stories and a well filled "Gatherer." Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

A paper on the "Ragged Schools Old and New" opens in the April number of *The Quiver*. There is an instalment of the serial, "Miss Hilary's Suitors," with capital illustrations. Bishop Alexander's thoughts upon Christ's last words, "About Sternhold & Hopkins' Psalms," "The Name Christian," "A Call by the Unknown," and "Religion on Earth and Religion in Heaven," make up the more theological articles of the number, but the general reader will find enough to entertain him in the short stories and descriptive articles. Among the latter are "The Silence of the Woods," "Christian Work Among the Eskimos," and an account of a visit to the reverend Scientist, Dr. W. H. Dallinger. Poetry and music add variety to the table of contents and a bundle of well selected "Arrows" brings the number to a close. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for April is a fine steel engraving by M. Morse, of Greuze's famous painting, "The Dead Bird." The opening paper is by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensellaer, who writes of the famous American painter, Washington Allston. In the paper on "The Romance of Art," Mr. Leander Scott tells "How Raphael Quarrelled with the Marchesa." A very interesting article, copiously illustrated, is the one on "Netsukes: Their Makers, Use and Meaning," by H. Seymour Trower. A full page is given to an engraving after a painting by Frank Blamley, called "A Hopeless Dawn," and there are two engravings after Watten in a paper by Frederick Wedmore on the old Master's exhibition in London. The third of L. Higgin's Series on the Isle of Arran is given, as is also the third in the series on "Illustrated Journalism in England." Mr. John Forbes Robertson contributes a very interesting paper, well illustrated, on "Graeco-Roman Portraiture in Egypt." The American and foreign art notes are full and interesting. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

We may set our spirits to cheerfulness, and keep them so, independent of the condition of outward circumstances. And this is the true dignity and happiness and piety of man, to live above the shifting and dashing tide of the world's incidents and humors—to bring our natures into harmonious union with the great permanent type of human excellence. Cheerfulness quenches blows, it blunts arrows, it rounds the edge of the sharp sword, it secures pure breathing in the foul air, easy digestion, and sound slumbering.

ASTHMATIC TROUBLES and Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, are usually overcome by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure curative for Colds.

DELUSIONS.

So many superstitions are still left to us, even in the nineteenth century, that there was good reason why a recent writer should attempt to give some common sense explanation of them.

To show how ignorance may lead us into credulity and scepticism, he tells one story against himself.

Some years since he was informed by a gentleman of the Eastern States that the gas could be lit there in winter by merely pointing the finger at it. He at once put this down as a fib. But it turned out to be true, the facts being that the cold air was dry enough to act as an insulator, and the act of walking about caused the body to be so charged with electricity that the finger yielded a spark sufficient to light the gas.

The old belief in the venomous character of the toads turns out to be correct, a strong poison having been gotten from beneath the animal's skin.

It is true that through the thick epidermis of the palm of the hand the toad produces no effect. But apply it to the mucous membrane of the mouth and its poison will enter the system and effect the heart.

In his search for the reason of things, he next tells us why it is that men's coats have, in the centre of the tails, two little tucks surmounted by two little buttons, that are apparently useless.

The tucks are the remnants of the original tail. The present tail only representing the ancient flap which used to be turned back and held by the buttons above it. As changes have occured in our clothing, so also they occur in our beliefs.

For instance, many people hold that a horse's flesh is unfit for human food. This belief is untrue. But the old form of it was unfit for Christian food, inasmuch as among the Scandanavians it was a form of meat sacrificed to idols.

A story is told of one of the Norse kings, who, after his conversion, begged hard to be allowed at least to wave some of the steam from the broth of the cooked horse into his nostrils. But the Christian missionary was stern, and even this was not permitted. And so horseflesh sank into complete disuse.

The origin of the belief that a person cannot die easily while any doors are allowed to remain locked in the house in which he is lying probably centres in the fact that as long as he is kept warm and protected from draughts of cold air by keeping the door of his room closed, he will continue to breathe for a considerable time.

Similarity a feather bed retains warmth and prolongs life, and this is why it has been supposed that no one could die readily in a feather bed containing the feathers of game.

In consequence of this superstition dying people have been pulled out of their beds and laid upon the floor in order to allow them to die comfortably, and it has been recorded that the result was perfectly satisfactory.

Some curious confusions of coincidences with consequences are also noteworthy.

It is believed in many places that disease can be transferred from persons to animals.

In Devonshire and Scotland, when a child has whooping cough a hair is taken from its head, and put between slices of bread and butter and given to a dog, and, if in eating it, the dog coughs, as naturally he will, the whooping cough will be transferred to the animal and the child will go free.

In Ireland a little hair is cut off the head of a patient suffering from scarlet fever and put down the throat of an ass, who is then and there supposed to receive the illness.

Beliefs in omens are also tracked to their sources by him.

A man's stumbling on leaving home in the morning is held to portend misfortune. The truth is that is that if he stumbles it is probably because his nervous system is not in good working order, and this is likely enough to militate against his success during the day.

A SHAM EXPOSED.—A great deal is said about young men, "who are not able to marry on account of the extravagance of women," when these very young men often spend as much on their own superfluities, if not on their own vices, as would support a reasonable wife.

But the laugh comes in here—that such young men don't really want a reasonable wife.

They pass by the industrious, self-denying young girl, who pluckily resolves not to let an overtasked father or brother support her, and pay court to some beflounced and be-jeweled doll, and then whine that they "can't get married to her because she is so extravagant."

That's the whole truth about it, and when young men face and acknowledge it in a manly manner, it will be soon enough to listen to them on the "marriage" question.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., has a blind man, who buys and sells horses with good judgement, after carefully feeling the animals over with his hands. He can take care of his horses and hitch up a team almost as readily as any man in his employ. He once, unattended, made the trip to New York City.

AN injury unanswered in time grows weary of itself, and dies away in an involuntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

STARCH grows sticky—common powders have a vulgar glare. Poxoni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.

"She used to wait for him down by the gate,
With a rosebud pinned in her curls;
With a smile and a kiss and a welcome so sweet,
He vowed her the dearest of girls."

She waited once in the chill air too long, taking cold at a critical time when her relaxed system needed warmth and caution.

Headache, cough, hectic fever and pain drove romance away; she grew paler than the pale moon, and even her lover grew indifferent, seeing her charms of person disappear. Taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his "Golden Medical Discovery," alternately each day for a few weeks, the suppressed functions of her delicate nature were restored to activity, the troublesome cough controlled and health, beauty and lover returned to her. The "Favorite Prescription" tones up the system, thereby restoring and regulating suppressed functions while the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all Coughs, Colds, Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections. These medicines are the only guaranteed remedies for the diseases for which they are recommended. Money paid for them is promptly refunded, if, on fair trial, they do not benefit or cure.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD is conquered by the cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

FADED ROSES

"Oh, roses, faded roses!
How did you come to fade?
Did some one once present you
Unto a heavenly maid?
And did she make you happy
Against her bosom pressed,
And did you die when banished
From such a fragrant nest?"

"Oh, no," replied the roses;
"We died of no unrest
For having once been banished
From any maiden's breast;
The reason that we're faded
And brittle as you see
Is all because we lately
Were cut from off the tree!"

—U. S. Nova.

Switch tenders—Hair pins.

Bawl dresses—Baby clothes.

A spanking team—Our parents.

The Union Pacific—A quiet marriage.

'Tis ever sew, as the seamstress said.

Food for the imagination—Fancy bread.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

When a little man is hopelessly in love it greatly increases his sighs.

The proper repast to be served after a card party—A game supper.

A capital letter—A property holder who lets his house at reduced rents.

A man can never succeed at pocket-picking until he gets his hand in.

An ice house laborer being killed by a lump of ice falling on his head, the verdict was, "Died of hard drink."

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways!" exclaimed the boy, as he threw the ferule at the schoolmaster's head.

A witty fellow, in speaking of a man of indisputable stupidity, said: "To become a perfect brute he wants only instinct."

Stout people don't like to be told that they are an experiment to show how far the human skin will stretch without cracking.

The president of the fat men's club has grown so heavy of late that the other day, while waiting out, his shadow fell on a child and killed it.

A debating society down East is debating the following important question: "If a man builds a corn crib does that give him a right to crib corn?"

Two cents is the amount of damages awarded a Boston man for a dog-bite. The dog-tax is low, too, which shows that canines are not at all expensive pets.

A watchmaker has a watch to repair that (according to its owner's statement) frequently stops whilst it is going, and sometimes loses an hour in twenty minutes.

A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that State are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal and then judge by the sound.

Mrs. Jones: "Well, Jane, I am sorry you have decided to leave me; but if you are going to better yourself, of course—" Jane: "It isn't that, ma'am; I am going to get married."

"Old Mr. Skinner is a very charitable man, isn't he?" "Oh, yes; of course. But if he ever casts his bread upon the waters you bet he expects it to come back a sardine sandwich."

A little boy, running, struck his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander; "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Sixteen years after her burial the coffin of a Winnipeg woman was opened and the body found petrified. She had her mouth open, however, which goes to show that she was game even when it came to turning into stone.

Artist, holding out a photograph: "Don't you want your picture taken? Three for a quarter." Shabby party: "No, I don't care for any. My brother had his taken three times, and he was innocent every time but once."

"Darling," she said, weeping, "when we were married five years ago I never expected to see you coming home at one o'clock in the morning!" "Well, you wouldn't now, m' dear," he replied, "if you'd only go to sleep earlier."

The opinion is expressed by a Yankee editor that if one of his political opponents were placed upon trial for murder, an article recently printed by him might be cited to establish his insanity, and would be deemed quite sufficient by any twelve jurymen not insane themselves.

Somewhere in the West a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a hoosier with a very dull razor. "Stop," said the hoosier, "that won't do." "What's de matter, boss?" "That razor pulls." "Well, no matter foh dat, sah. If de handle of de razah don't break de beard am bound to come off, sho."

The following amusing incident occurred at a rural school. The subject was the history of Samson, and the question, "What foolish thing did Samson once do?" Expectation was on tip-toe to ascertain his peculiar weakness, when from a front seat came the reply, given with solemn preciseness and irresistibly ludicrous accent, "He went down among the Philistines and got a wife!"

In all kinds and degrees of sprains Salvation Oil, with rest, will effect a speedy cure.

Of 60 000 000 American population, it is said, one-third use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Curious.—A very curious number is 142,857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by seven gives all nines. Multiplied by 1 equals 142,857, multiplied by 2 equals 285,714, multiplied by 3 equals 428,751, multiplied by 4 equals 571,428, multiplied by 5 equals 714,285, multiplied by 6 equals 857,142, multiplied by 7 equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856 Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

Mrs. St. Jones: "What is it this time, Edwards?" Edwards: "Mrs. Kerr Bristow's card, ma'am." Mrs. St. Jones: "Did she leave any message?" Edwards: "Yes, ma'am; she said as how she was always finding you out." Mrs. St. Jones: "I hope you replied gracefully, Edwards?" Edwards: "Yes, ma'am; I said as how I wasn't aware that you'd done anything to be ashamed of, ma'am."

MEDICAL MONOPOLY NOT WANTED.

Boston Daily Globe, Feb. 7th '89.

"In the Legislature of Massachusetts a bill is now pending whose object is to prohibit, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, the practice of "medicine, surgery, or midwifery" by any other than the "regular" physicians. The attempt to pass such a bill has been made before, but it failed. It is a measure which ought not to pass, because it invades the personal liberty of the citizen; not the personal liberty of the 'irregular' physician only, but of the patient.

"Only yesterday Dr. Holt, in a paper read before the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, an organization of "regular" physicians, complained of the ignorance of its professional brethern as shown in the notorious Robinson poisoning cases.

"This crime," said the doctor, "one of the greatest in our medical history, would never have been discovered, but for the suspicions aroused outside the profession." And he called attention to the fact that in five of the poisoning cases the regular physician certified the cause of death to be pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease, and Bright's disease respectively.

"This shows how far the 'regular' physicians are from being infallible.

"It would seem be more in accordance with justice and common sense were they to perfect their own knowledge before they appeal to law to prohibit others from healing.

"Not long ago a *Globe* reporter called upon ten "regular" physicians on the same day, and described his symptoms in exactly the same language to each. The ten physicians informed him that he was suffering from ten different diseases, and gave him ten different prescriptions, each utterly inconsistent with the others.

"The implied claim that there is any certainty in "regular" medicine as at present practiced is absurd. All medical practice, outside of the simplest complaints, is more or less guess-work and experiment, whether regular or irregular.

"When Garfield was shot five of the most famous regular physicians in the country spent three months probing for the bullet in the region of his left hip, and after his death it was found under his right shoulder-blade." We have but a word to add, which is that the above is the doctrine Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, have fought for and promulgated for the past ten years. We know of scores of cases, and so does the reader, where doctors have treated the wrong disease. They say advanced Kidney Disease cannot be cured, yet thousands of cases have been cured with Warner's Safe Cure; yet so bigoted are the medical profession that the majority of them will not use it, although they know they could thereby save many valuable lives, because, forsooth, it is against their fossilized code. Out upon such bigotry. Every method to prolong life should be utilized, and the regular medical profession should be the first to welcome it instead of encompassing themselves in self-conceit and bigotry, doctoring symptoms instead of disease, and sending their patients to the cemetery, poisoned with drugs, but on the death certificate that they died from typhoid fever, meningitis, pneumonia, or some other equally foreign cause.

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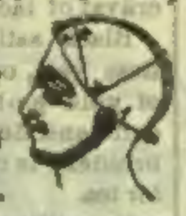

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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MRS. M. L. HARDT,
No. 106 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1888

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MRS. J. W. LODGE,
Marion Station, Montgomery Co., Pa.

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Respectfully,
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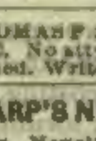

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A new material for petticoats is a fine kind of winsey, with narrow stripes of color, each one edged with a shining gold thread. They are made up with a plaiting edged with linen thread lace, carrying out the colors of the skirt.

For instance, a light grayish blue ground striped with two darker shades would have lace with all three colors woven in. A buff ground with red stripes would have red and buff lace.

There is another material for skirts, still thinner, and of cotton, but firm and substantial, with similar stripes, without the gold thread. They are made up in the same way as the others. They are said to wash well.

Ingrained cotton rep is yet another fabric, not of such recent introduction, but excellent for wear, and proof against any amount of washing. It is admirably adapted for summer or tropical traveling.

Silk petticoats lined with flannel are being worn now, not for rough walking, but for every-day wear.

Most of them are of black silk or satin merveilleux, lined with pale blue, red, or rose-pink. Those worn with tea-gowns have a deep cream lace balayeuse and flounces.

A very lovely petticoat is of blue and pink shot-glass silk, with a flounce of ficelle lace in front.

Above this in front is a deep flounce of lace, with pointed bands of silk falling over. It is trimmed at the back with three flounces of lace.

Another is of cambric with an openwork stripe. It is trimmed at the foot with two flounces of fine embroidery, headed with a band of insertion and two cross folds of cambric.

A dressing jacket is of pale blue India silk; it is ornamented in front with four bands of insertion, edged on each side with feather stitching.

It is finished round the neck, sleeves, basque and down the front with cream lace. Bows of faille ribbon at the neck, sleeves and waist.

In models for the coming season there are as yet no striking novelties.

Fashions become more and more eclectic, and the becomingness of the model or the appropriateness of a costume for the purpose or the occasion is the point that influences the decision.

The Directoire and Empire styles will be in vogue, and these are susceptible of almost endless variations and modifications to suit individual needs.

The influence of the Empire styles is seen in shorter waists, the full sleeves, the plain skirts, and straight hanging draperies that characterize dresses now being prepared for later wear.

In some models very short front draperies are again combined with long, plain black draperies, and others have the drapery hanging very full and without looping at the sides and back, and open in front, disclosing the underskirt.

Panel effects will also be popular, for very rich materials especially; and there are indications of slightly bouffant draperies on the hips, more especially in polonaises of thin goods.

There are also indications of the use of sleeves of a different material from the waist, and all sleeves will be shorter as the season advances.

For dresses for house-wear necks will be cut lower, and the standing replaced by a falling collar.

The elaborate tea gowns have their equally elaborate accessories in the way of petticoats, hose and shoes, and considerable attention is given to the subject.

During the past few weeks beautiful and costly tea-gowns have been prepared for fashionable shooting and country ball parties held in many of the "stately homes of England." Rich brocades, soft silks and rare laces are all brought into use.

One tea-gown recently seen was of moss-green plush, trimmed down each side of the front with full white marabout; it had the petticoat of white satin, worked up to some height in gold, and rested on a full ruche of lace.

Another, composed of white brocbe on a vieux rose satin ground, had the petticoat of the color, veiled with old lace, slightly lifted by a sash of crepe de Chine, with white, pink and silver tassels.

The buttons on the Directoire bodice were of antique silver, each one placed on a bow of satin ribbon. Vieux rose cashmere is in favor for tea jackets, trimmed with silk of a shade lighter.

One style has the edge pinked, coming below the cashmere; a close-fitting back, with a dainty little silk-lined hood, and loose fronts, with revers of silk, opened over the full vest of white muslin, and a cravat of lace.

Black satin merveilleux, with a white linse vest, opening to show an inner one of gold embroidery, and trimmed on the cuffs and down the front with similar embroidery is much worn on dark afternoons for tea.

In millinery there are some pretty novelties in caps and bonnets.

The caps are daintily made of fancy silk, embroidered handkerchiefs and colored velvet bows. A navy-blue straw hat much turned up with velvet on one side, and cut short on the other, had a tuft of corn flowers, beautifully harmonized on the crown, with loops of ribbon.

Another in brown had ficelle guipure round the crown, and a plume on one side, in many shades of brown.

A becoming black mixed straw and chip had a cluster of jonquils, violets, and narcissus mounted high on one side, and a brown velvet had biscuit-colored wings at the back, and breast plumage, in a darker shade on each side.

Delicate openwork fancy Tuscan bonnets, with brown velvet and a cluster of heliotrope or other flowers, and open jet ones with emerald green velvet and a large jet arrow, are pretty, and there are others in shot velvet, powdered with small pearls, and ornamented with olive velvet and cock's plumes; and simple ones in coarse colored straw, with a full ruche of frayed silk round the edge, and large bows in front—all most becoming.

The newest cloak is the Russian, with long, straight fronts and flat box pleats at the back, exactly similar to those in fancy and tweeds now so popular.

This, as well as the other cloaks, are made in waterproof cloth. Scotch woolens in large and small checks, and in plain and figured black, or colored mackintosh.

The Portia, somewhat similar to the Russian cloak, has little armholes to pass the hands through, and the fulness at the back arranged in gathers in a point.

The Balmoral has a large, deep cape caught in at the back of the waist by a band, and a hood lined with silk, and made to take off if wished. Sleeves are sometimes added, but more often not, as the cape has sufficient warmth and protection without.

The Parisienne is an elegant-looking cloak with a deep cape, which can be converted into sling sleeves by passing the arms through the loops placed inside, and made to button together just above the hand.

This cloak is remarkably good looking in shot red or black, or dark blue and gray striped silk. These stripes are about an inch wide.

Many of these cloaks are lined with silk, which is of quite recent introduction. The silk deadens, but it cannot quite do away with the unmistakable smell of the mackintosh.

There are two new colors for the coming season for cloaks, one in dark blue, and the other in tan covert coating, each with stripes of a lighter shade, forming a band down the front, and giving the look of an ordinary tan or dark blue cloth cloak. These are particularly pretty, and of a graceful becoming shape.

Another introduction is the small shepherd's plaid and broken checks, in three shades of browns, in waterproof silks, hitherto carried out in tweeds.

Odds and Ends.

THE NEEDLE.

The needle to-day holds its own the same as ever. Its history dates from the earliest days.

The Israelites in Moses' time had learnt from the Egyptains the art of embroidery in gold, silver and precious stones.

Homer and Pliny have recorded what the women of their day accomplished, and the exploits of many husbands have been perpetuated in the chamber hangings made by their wives.

A Grecian widow could take no second spouse unless she worked the grave clothes for her deceased lord; and good needlework has in all days been held in honor by the women.

Embroidery is defined to be "the art of adding to the surface of woven textures representations of objects we wish to depict," and it is to the subject of embroidery that most of the new notions in modern needlework are directed.

There are also as many kinds as there are days in the year, but at the present moment designers and manufacturers would seem to be turning their attention specially to two classes—chenille and linen embroidery.

Needlework is the sister art of painting, and as far back as the old Egyptian days weaving was supplemented by the needle, applied with silk, flax and cotton.

In this year of grace 1889, we have a large choice in the matter of threads, by which term we mean materials to embroider with whether of silk, wool or linen.

Many of the new kinds stand the test of washing if properly treated. Pure curd soap and rain-water are best to use, made into lather.

The article under treatment should be rubbed as little as possible, rinsed in clear water, squeezed, but not wrung, dried quickly, and mangled rather than ironed, for great heat is detrimental to the preservation of color.

Filo floss silk, which is a make between floss and filoselle, twisted embroidery, rope silk, filoselle and tussah can all be had in unfading dyes, which last for centuries, and are the same by gas or daylight.

There are some two hundred shades, but they are, perhaps, not quite so brilliant as silks—which will not so surely stand the test of time.

Crewel, crochet and purse silks are well known, and as also, knitting silks are often used in embroidery; indeed, even the floss silk is sometimes called into play.

Decca silk—like floss, but with a finer twist—is proved to be extremely useful; but for flannel there is a special make called flannel silk, loosely twisted and to be had in various thickness.

Tapestry and crewel wools, together with Berlin, are the kinds most used for embroidering.

Ingrain cottons are for the moment yielding the palm to the flax or crewel linen threads.

Flax thread embroidery looks equally well on silk, satin, woolen cloth or linen. The old kinds have survived the changes of dynasties and generations.

It cannot be given to us to know whether modern flax thread will be equally fortunate with the Persian and Egyptian specimens handed down to us. But it is cheap, yet has all the gloss of silk.

It can, of course be adapted to almost any class of embroidery where silk or wool is used; but what is now understood by flax thread embroidery is the colored thread applied to white linen in bold, open, continuous lines, many of them inspired by antique models.

The ordinary laid and stem stitches are used, and here and there feather stitching and French knots heighten the effect.

For bordering a very good result is produced by couching—that is, using two threads of different color, fastened down by a third. Bed-quilts, tea-cloths, and sideboard cloths in this flax work are the new kind for the moment.

When flax thread is applied to silk or satin, the effect is greatly heightened by the addition of gold thread. But on linen this flax thread is found to be invaluable for reproducing the fine Hispano-Moorish, Slavonic and other embroideries which are of ancient date. It can be worked in ordinary crewel or tapestry stitch, but then it does not represent these antique embroideries.

There is ample scope for industry and invention; all the fine darning and diapered groundings would look well in this piece of work.

The old linen thread German work can be carried out in the pure white flax, which has all the appearance of silk, or in colored flax together with, or instead of silk. All the various stitches that I have enumerated are used in it, but the thread is generally employed double.

The Russian crash and coarse linens used are very often fringed at the edges and knotted.

A well-tempered needle should be selected, whatever the material, which is frequently damask, with the pattern outlined by stitches; just as the Egyptians accentuated the designs made in weaving by subsequent handwork in colored threads.

It is easy labor, and yet has great effect when completed.

In searching for novelties, we are always confirmed in the opinion that there is really little new, and that what we call novelties are simply revivals.

Such is the case with the Holbein embroidery, which is ancient thread stitchery revived and made easy for us now by ready prepared braids that when sewn on, are ornamented by additional stitches.

Queen Anne cross stitch and Russian cross stitch are both also most successfully revived in the present day, the patterns mostly borrowed from the Renaissance period.

In very old specimens, greens, yellows and blacks are found to be rotted away, perhaps by the dye as well as by time and use.

Confidential Correspondents.

KATE C.—Circus equestrians begin their training almost in infancy.

A. L. W.—Constant playing the piano from a tender age does make the hand large and bony.

DIAMID.—The nickname "Old Hickory" was applied to President Jackson in allusion to his tough, unyielding disposition.

KING.—A letter of credit is a letter written by one merchant or banker to another requesting him to credit the bearer with certain sums of money.

BEN.—A stag is a male red deer five years old. A buck is also a male deer, but it is used to signify the male of other beasts, as rabbits, goats, etc.

MARY.—We cannot undertake to interpret the meaning of the picture on a valentine; yours would appear to have some allusion to a mouse which had escaped.

LUCY.—The study of music cannot be commenced too early; but the voice should not be attempted to be fully developed until after about the age of fifteen or sixteen.

D. D.—Lucifer—namely, "light-bearing"—is a fine Latin word. It means the morning star. There was a Christian bishop named Lucifer, who lived in the fourth century.

A. C. R.—To make rose-water, put some roses in water, and add to them a few drops of acid—the vitriolic acid seems to be preferable to any. The water will soon acquire both the color and perfume of the roses.

E. L. A.—It is not usual to shake hands on being introduced to a stranger; but it is difficult to lay down an exact rule. You must be guided by circumstances. It is not ill-bred to do it, but in most cases it is superfluous.

K.—The Jews date from the Creation, which they consider to have been 3,760 years and three months before the commencement of our era. To reduce Jewish time to ours, subtract from the Jewish year 3,761 years.

RUSTIC. — "Table d'Hote," literally translated, is the host's table. In the Middle Ages, and even down to the reign of Louis XIV. the landlord's table was the only public dining place known in Germany and France—hence the name.

BEATRICE.—No young lady who had any self-respect would allow any man to be under a false impression concerning her, or accept presents from anyone she intended to jilt; such conduct is unwomanly as well as cruel. Undeceive the gentleman at once.

J. F. G.—Thomas Paine, the political writer, died in New York. His bones were sent to England by the late William Cobbett, and after causing much ridicule, disappeared. We have an impression that they were decently buried in a London churchyard.

T. C.—It is a popular error that this Government ever offered a reward for the discovery of perpetual motion. How such foolish notions get into circulation is surprising; but the amount of credulity and ignorance abroad, even among the so-called educated, is remarkable.

EMIGRANT.—Panama is by no means a healthy place; it is excessively hot, and Northerners going there are liable to repeated attacks of fever. It is possible, by taking extreme care, to live in a climate of that sort; but it is sure to tell upon the strongest constitution in time.

KISMET.—Hemorrhage from the nose is not, per se, a symptom of consumption; but in the case of a person with such a family history and besides that fact such an appearance as your wife, it is at least suspicious. You should get a physician to examine her lungs and report on them.

T. P.—Lich-gate—literally, the gate of the dead—is the gate belonging to churchyards through which the bodies of the dead are carried. "Lich" is a Saxon word for the dead body; hence Lichfield, the "field of the dead," so called from the martyrs who suffered there in the time of the Romans in England.

DAISY.—No book will teach you how to act. If you have no one to put you forward, and cannot afford to pay for instruction and practice, you had much better remain at whatever you are doing now. The work of the dramatic profession is hard and the remuneration small, unless you have talent above the average.

LONELY.—You have asked a curious question. A dressing gown is an article of dress that should not be in evidence in the company of strangers, however pretty or becoming it may be; it is not intended to be worn except in the privacy of your own room, unless some very special occasion arises for your going downstairs in it.

G. G.—A morganatic, or "left-handed" marriage, is a marriage between parties of unequal rank, in which it is stipulated that the husband or wife of inferior rank, and the issue, shall not enjoy the rank nor inherit the possessions. Such marriages are not recognized in England, and any marriages of the Royal family contracted without the sanction of the Sovereign are null and void, and the issue illegitimate.

J. H.—Short-sighted persons frequently require the assistance of glasses, and by a judicious choice, these will, on several accounts, aid in the preservation of the sight. They prevent the straining of the eyes, and save much unnecessary labor. They enable a person to avoid the unfavorable position of the body and head which the short-sighted man is obliged to assume, and which renders him more liable than others to congestion of blood about the head and eyes. The following are the signs by which he may determine whether he needs the aid of glasses: 1. There is inability to distinguish small objects, as small print, at the distance of 15 or 20 inches, and larger objects at 2 feet distance from the eye. 2. There is a disposition to keep the eyelids half-closed while looking at distant objects. 3. The short-sighted man distinguishes near objects in twilight better than other men. He can read the finest print, for instance, with facility when the long-sighted man whose eye is sound, is unable to distinguish the capital letters. 4. He feels a sense of weariness, straining, and distension of the eye by a long examination of distant objects.